# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1895.

## The Week.

AMONG the many striking consequences of the Government bond-syndicate experiment one seems to have quite escaped notice. This is the precedent which a successful conclusion of the operation in exchange will set for the future. So far as their sales of sterling are concerned, it is probable that the syndicate bankers will lose nothing, and it is possible that they may make an actual profit. The foreign exchange drafts, through the sale of which they have supplied the regular demand, have been sold at the very top notch. The problem of the future is now, as it was at the beginning of May, whether the regular market for exchange will decline between now and October sufficiently to enable the syndicate to buy exchange, and thus repay its own drafts on London without forcing rates back above the gold-shipping point. How this problem worked itself out last May is known to everybody. Under the heavy sales of sterling bills against Europe's purchase of American securities, demand exchange broke in a fortnight from 489 to 486⅝. Presumably the syndicate, which had been selling "short exchange" through April, was able in the ensuing month to buy back an equal quantity. What profit it made, if any, is of course doubtful. It had at least an opportunity. It may happen that a similar and perhaps larger opportunity will offer itself next month, when heavy foreign drafts to pay for American grain exports will depress the sterling market. If the result should be that the syndicate makes a handsome profit on its mere operation in exchange, a precedent will have been established which may be followed, independently and without connection with the Government, by other banking houses in other years.

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Meantime, however, the "grain bills" still remain a question of the future. It would be wholly erroneous to suppose that the bankers of the syndicate had in advance a "sure thing" in their operation. When their contract was signed, the corn had not been planted. Nobody could be sure that another harvest disaster such as that of 1894 would not intervene. In such event, neither the foreign grain purchases now expected nor the foreign security purchases which were realized in May would have been heard of. And while the syndicate might have guarded itself from loss, exchange bankers are well aware of the risk incurred of "saturating" the London market with American bills drawn by a single firm or combination. This was the hazardous possibility, for facing which the syndicate was properly paid by the Government. And since the danger will not be wholly past until the crops are safe, the bankers cannot be criticised for maintaining maximum rates, even though special facilities enable one or two remitters to ship gold in spite of them. Indeed, there is sometimes almost a comic aspect in the hysterics over a moderate export of gold. Great Britain exported in May $7,900,000 gold. It has been shipping gold to France for two weeks past. A large part of the gold placed by the syndicate in our Treasury was taken from the Bank of England, and indeed there is nothing to prevent withdrawal of gold at any time against Bank of England notes, any more than gold withdrawals here against legal-tenders. Such withdrawals happen every week. The London papers say, "the Bank has been selling gold"—meaning for notes—and pass it with indifference. If any one asks the explanation, it is ready. England has the single gold standard. Its bankers know that the gold which leaves their country will return in the regular course of trade—as it would do here but for our currency inflation and silver talk; as it did do here before the ill-fated silver-purchase act of 1890. Who ever heard of alarm over gold exports from New York in 1889, in 1888, in 1887, in 1886? The gold went in the spring; it returned in the fall; and so it will do again when common sense once more prevails in our currency deliberations.

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No one will question the honesty of the London *Economist*, but its reiterated attacks upon the credit of our Government are no longer justifiable, and they cannot fail to be mischievous. They are as injurious to English investors as they are to American investments. Owing to a variety of circumstances, our greatest borrowers, the railroad corporations, have for years been unable to get their accustomed revenues. In so far as these circumstances consisted in their unbridled and crazy competition with one another, and the pitiful cheating which marked their "agreements" to charge their published rates, there has not been so much reformation as could be desired. But in so far as the trouble arose from doubts whether the money lent upon the gold standard would not be repaid in silver, there has been very substantial reformation. These doubts are no longer justifiable. The Government has gold enough in hand to insure confidence, it has an increasing revenue in sight, if not in hand, and it has the power and the will to buy more gold if any more is needed. The hundreds, or even thousands, of millions of loanable capital in London which now commands perhaps a half of one per cent., can safely come to this country at four or five per cent., so far as any danger from the silver craze is concerned. It will be a good deal safer here on the whole than in African diamond mines or in Chinese loans.

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The arguments of the *Economist* do not bear examination. It says that the revenue of the Government is insufficient, and that Congress will refuse to supply any more. This may be true or not. But it goes on to say that although the time of year is at hand when gold generally flows to the United States, imports are increasing, and with rising prices are likely to increase still more, so that, after all, the movement of gold may be checked. The *Economist* here involves itself in a dilemma. If imports increase, the revenue of the Government increases, and it can thus maintain its reserve. If they do not increase, then gold will flow into the country, and this will help the Government to maintain its reserve. Hence it does not follow, as the *Economist* concludes, that "there may not improbably be as serious troubles before the Treasury as those it has already had to face." The London *Statist* equally fails to appreciate the change in the situation of affairs in this country. It denounces a despatch recently sent by Mr. Smalley to the London *Times* in which that correspondent declared that this country was prosperous, that confidence was restored, and that before long the silver agitation would collapse. The *Statist* lays it down that predictions are worth nothing, and that no one can tell how the voters will decide at the next elections. But there are predictions and predictions. He is a very poor investor or guide to investors who does not act with reference to the future, and no one can so act without trusting to predictions. The only question is whether the evidence justifies the predictions. The *Statist* says that it is "absurd to say that in the course of four or five months the country has passed from a state of extreme alarm to one of full confidence." If it is true, it is absurd to deny it, and investors who wait until all critics are agreed that confidence is restored are likely to buy at dangerously high prices. To American observers the evidence is overwhelming that the silver craze has all but spent itself. The Kentucky campaign was nearly conclusive of itself.

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It is necessary for a leader of Labor to keep himself in evidence. For this reason, doubtless, Mr. Sovereign has issued a circular boycotting the national banks. He says that these banks are responsible for the destruction of the greenbacks (which have not been destroyed, although they ought to be). For this and other reasons equally conclusive, he commands all loyal Knights of Labor to refuse to receive national bank-notes. If they are forced on the workingmen, "as they are by law

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made a legal tender," then he says, "We will establish a redemption bureau and through existing laws force the Secretary of the Treasury to unload the locked-up greenbacks for the benefit of the people." Mr. Powderly, who was displaced as Master Workman in favor of Sovereign, said and did many foolish things in his time, but nothing so foolish as this. National bank-notes are not legal tender, and a redemption bureau already exists, having been established by law expressly to secure the prompt redemption of those notes. So Mr. Sovereign's labors are needless on this score. It is only necessary for the Knights to refuse national bank-notes. Perhaps a better way to get revenge on the banks would be the one suggested by an Irish patriot to get revenge on the Government, and that was to burn every Bank of England note that could be found in the country.

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There is matter both amusing and instructive in the confidential letter sent out by the silver Senators of the West inviting their friends to help them buy a newspaper organ in this city to convert the East to their views. The signers of this letter, it will be noted, all come from silver-producing States. Not one of the Eastern Senators, like Cameron and the Southern contingent, whose zeal in behalf of free silver is so intense, joins the invitation to "chip in" in this deal. The explanation of this is found in the letter itself. The persons addressed, it is stated, are those "who are pecuniarily interested in the restoration of silver." The subtle minds of these statesmen have grasped the idea that while a Cameron or a Blackburn may be willing to fight for silver in Congress or the lobby, and to die (politically) for it in a convention, a man must be not only patriotically but "pecuniarily" interested (in a silver mine) before he will come down with the cold cash to purchase an organ. The business calibre of these Western financiers is shown in the very idea that the publication of an obscure daily newspaper in New York with a silver tone to its editorial columns would have any influence on Eastern opinion, and that the money invested in such an enterprise would in their "best and deliberate judgment be paid back with interest within three years." This little incident will be of some value as showing how the silver-mine owners are trying to work off their property on the country at large, just as the owners of any other kind of mines might try to sell their property to investors. The opportunity for this little game has passed.

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Gov. Hastings of Pennsylvania, like Gov. Greenhalge of Massachusetts, vetoed a bill giving public offices to soldiers without competitive examination. For this he has been censured by the Union Veterans' League of Philadelphia, but he seems to bear up under it very well. In fact, the public are getting tired of old-soldiery in politics. The war ended thirty years ago. While the ravages of time have done nothing to mar the honors or dim the glory of any man who faced bullets in order to preserve the Union, they have done much to detract from the physical and mental powers of the veterans. The state is entitled to the best service that can be had, and if a man of thirty can do better service than a man of sixty, as is generally the case, the man of thirty should be chosen. This is one of the commonplaces of the civil-service reformers. The vetoing of the veteran-preference bills by Greenhalge and Hastings is conclusive evidence that the public have at last accepted these views, for if there were not a strong body of public opinion back of them, no aspiring politician would expose himself to the censure of the G. A. R.

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The Grand Army of the Republic has another case for discipline before it which appears to be more aggravated than that of Col. Waring. According to report the Superintendent of the Soldiers' Home at Quincy, Ill., has issued orders that any veteran under the care of the Home who shall marry shall be dishonorably discharged. The ground of this extraordinary order is a still more extraordinary law, which makes veterans and their families a county charge, on the order of any Grand Army post. With the aid of this statute the veteran presented a combination of attractions which made him irresistible in matrimonial competition. What with the United States pension, with its possibilities of future increase, the advantages of the Soldiers' Home, which relieves the wife from the care of her husband, and free rations from the county, the old soldier, it must be admitted, becomes a good deal of a prize. Very few young men can offer such inducements as these, and the Superintendent of the Quincy Home found that its inmates were arousing the tender passion in the breasts of the surrounding female population at such a rate as to be alarming. "Wholesale matrimony" was going on, and the Superintendent undertook to arrest it. Whatever his motives may be, it is evident that he is opposed to the policy of the statute, and as the statute was undoubtedly passed through the influence of the Grand Army, he must be hostile to the Grand Army, and is probably a copperhead and traitor. Judging from Col. Waring's experience, he is at all events likely to be characterized with much freedom of speech, if not to be driven from his position. The incident is especially noteworthy in connection with the law passed in Massachusetts giving the veterans a first lien on public office. When the pension debauchery is checked at Washington, it breaks out with all the more violence in the State legislatures.

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No student of the conflict between law and law-breaking which our Police Board is waging will arrive at its true nature unless he gets down to its fundamental financial aspect. The hue and cry against the action of the Police Commissioners finds its most practical explanation in such sentences as these: "How the brewers are affected; loss each Sunday over $165,000." The most strenuous effort is making to give the impression that the Police Commissioners, by enforcing the law, are imperilling the cause of reform, endangering the election—we were going to say of any President next year; driving the Germans almost out of politics, etc., etc. When it comes down to a question of evidence to support all these allegations, what do we find? People interested in reform in this city have held a great many mass-meetings during the last year to express their views. Are New Yorkers holding any mass-meetings to denounce the Police Board? The most influential and respected German citizens of this city have met and extended their heartiest support to the men who are upholding the law and discouraging blackmail. The editor of the *Wine and Spirit Gazette* bears his testimony to the fact that the half-hearted enforcement of the law under Tammany rule meant a constant trade of monetary blackmail and political support, and testifies that Gov. Hill told him when in office that, if he should recommend the passage of a law opening the saloons on Sunday, *it would ruin the Democratic party* in this State. Even the bartenders have found their voices, and are asking why they should be compelled to work seven days in the week when other people make a living by working six. The longer this subject is discussed, the plainer will it become that the real opposition to the enforcement of the law is incited by the men whose income this enforcement lessens, and by the journals whose columns they can control.

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Conan Doyle has been giving interviews to English newspapers about his recent lecturing tour in this country. He frankly admits that, in a pecuniary sense, the business is not what it is cracked up to be. Those huge bags of good American gold which Dickens and Thackeray waved so jauntily over the rail to their welcoming friends on their return from wandering on this foreign strand, are no more to be picked up at the bottom of the American lecture-rainbow. Of the kind words of the people in this country Dr. Doyle speaks with much appreciation, but the non-buttered parsnips seem a real disappointment to him. Yet we should have thought the astuteness of Sherlock Holmes would have prevented his creator from cherishing illusions on this subject, even if his self-love had not restrained him from publicly mourning over the fact that his net returns amount to a less sum than he could easily have earned in his own study at home. With us, at least, it is a matter of common knowledge that the rich harvests of lecturers,

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native or foreign, are gone never to return. Matthew Arnold's second lecturing tour in the United States was a distinct failure financially. He told his friends that his object in coming back was the apostolic one of confirming the churches in the faith; but he found the faithful very well content with their first visitation, and at any rate not at all anxious for confirmation at one dollar per head.

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Why lecturing, either as a domestic or imported article, should have suffered such a depreciation in price in the past forty years, is an inquiry not easy to answer satisfactorily. Despite done to silver can scarcely account for this depressed industry, though we know it is cause sufficient for every other. The spread of the reading habit, the building up of the great magazines, the disappearance of the slavery question with its galaxy of brilliant lyceum lecturers, the growth of the people in fixity of character and habit, so that they do not now so easily run agape after every new curiosity—these are doubtless some of the reasons, if not entirely adequate reasons, why Phillips, and Beecher, and Chapin, and Gough, as well as Dickens, and Thackeray, and Tyndall, have no successors to-day on the lecture platform. Conan Doyle is much read and well liked in this country, but the day has gone by when any author, except the very greatest, can get people to go to hear him read from his own works. Sweet charity still leads some faithful souls to go, in true martyr spirit, to those authors' readings where the little great ones become inarticulate over their own poetry or prose; but this form of torture cannot much longer survive in these humane days.

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Lord Rosebery, in his speech at Albert Hall on July 5, made an important announcement respecting the policy of the British Government towards Afghanistan. Referring particularly to the recent occupation of Chitral, he said that his Ministry had never had an opportunity of making public officially the decision at which they had unanimously arrived. This was involved in instructions given to the Governor-General of India, that at the earliest possible moment consistent with safety and dignity the British should withdraw from Chitral. The ex-Premier spoke of this decision in order to express the hope that Lord Salisbury would, in that respect as well as in the case of the Armenian difficulty, preserve through a change in the Ministry that continuity of foreign policy which alone could make England respected and secure abroad. Lord Salisbury will doubtless feel free to do pretty much as he pleases, and will have little difficulty, provided he wants to remain in Chitral, in finding an excuse in Lord Rosebery's phrase, "consistent with safety and dignity." How many years is it since England was going to withdraw from Egypt? All this time her obstinate safety and dignity have compelled her to remain. Still, it is something to have got on record the decision of the Government to withdraw from Chitral. It will distinctly repress the zeal of those army officers who have been so ably proving that it would never do to give up such a strategic point in the face of Russian aggressions.

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The believers in bimetallism have always referred to the condition of the finances of British India as showing the destructive effects of demonetizing silver. There was a country, they said, having to meet heavy obligations in gold, and collecting all its revenue in silver. So long as silver was sustained by international agreement, no difficulty was experienced, but when silver was discarded, trouble for India began. In order to make this out it was boldly asserted that in India the prices of commodities, measured in silver, had not increased, and that the Indian Government therefore got no more revenue than before, while it was obliged to convert its silver into gold exchange at a terrible discount. Evidence has been from time to time offered showing that prices had advanced in India, but the whole question was so technical and recondite that almost the only fact apprehended by the public was that the revenue of the Indian Government was insufficient, and that it had constantly to sell silver at a ruinous loss in order to meet its European obligations. But at last a return has been presented to Parliament which conclusively disposes of the assertion that the financial difficulties of India are due solely to the fall in exchange. This return shows the income and expenditure of the Government for the decade ending in 1894. Without going into details, we may say that during that period the net revenue, exclusive of that from opium, has increased by 22 per cent., or from RX 46,800,000 to nearly RX 57,000,000. During the same period the expenditure has also increased from RX 47,180,000 to RX 58,540,000, or 24 per cent. Of this increase RX 6,800,000 took place in the department of military services. On a careful scrutiny of the items the London *Economist* computes that the actual expenditure has increased during the decade to the extent of RX 6,360,000, while the fall in exchange has entailed an additional outlay of about RX 5,000,000. The whole outcry of the bimetallists, therefore, is over an annual loss considerably less than the increased military expenditure, and less than double the increased cost of the civil service. Considering the scandalous charge for entertaining the Afghan Prince now in England, to which we recently referred, it is highly probable that a severe investigation of the financial mysteries of the Indian Government would disclose the possibility of economies amply sufficient to offset the loss in exchange. The gold standard is a very convenient scapegoat not only for individuals who do not want to pay their debts, but also for governments that do not want to restrict their expenditures.

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The murder of Stambuloff is an event of far more than local or temporary importance. Horrible as it seems in its present details, its future results promise to be fraught with the direst evils to his country. So long as Stambuloff lived, it is not too much to say that the independence of Bulgaria was protected by a mighty bulwark. It is true that his influence was broken last year by the desertion of his prince and his own political downfall. But, like Bismarck, he was not overshadowed by the interposition of diminutive figures, and, unlike him, he was in the prime of life when he was displaced. It is possible that his murder was the result of a blood-feud. Civilization in eastern Europe has not yet passed out of the stage when private warfare is tolerated, and Stambuloff had not spared his enemies. But Russian diplomacy in Bulgaria has been such as to make it difficult for the Russophil party entirely to escape responsibility for this assassination. It is in line with their previous measures, and it was necessary in order to defend their position. With Stambuloff alive there was no telling what might happen. They did not dare to let him leave the country, and they did not dare to let him live in the country. There was but one solution for such a problem—the solution resorted to by King Henry in the case of à Becket, by the Commonwealth in the case of Charles, by Richard III. in the case of the children in the Tower, and by hundreds of other rulers at all periods in the world's history, who have felt that while their rivals had life their own power was insecure.

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Stambuloff had played in Bulgaria the part that Cavour played in Italy. Russia had set Bulgaria free, but it was the intention of the Russians to free Bulgaria from Turkish rule in order to subject it to their own. It was the policy of Stambuloff to accept the gift of freedom without the subsequent condition of dependence. Bulgaria was rescued from the outrage of the Turk, but she was not, therefore, to submit herself to the lust of her rescuer. To pursue this course was necessarily to incur the charge of ingratitude. As the French hate the Italians as ingrates, so the Russians were bitterly incensed against the Bulgarians, and against Stambuloff as the arch-ingrate. They have steadily plotted against him. They have exhausted fair means, and, after repeated attempts, they have at last succeeded by foul. On a superficial view they have now the game in their own hands.

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*SECRETARY CARLISLE AND CONGRESSMAN BLACK.*

CONGRESSMAN BLACK of Georgia has written a brief letter of eleven columns to the Augusta *Chronicle* in reply to Secretary Carlisle's speech at Memphis on the silver question. He begins by defining the position of Mr. Carlisle and of all who stand on the same platform with him. "If I correctly understand the theory," he says, "of those who insist on the single gold standard, it involves the *expulsion* from our system of everything but gold as real money." This is the present condition of our monetary system, and it has been so legally for twenty-two years and practically for sixty years. There are some people (a diminishing number, however) who hesitate to avow themselves in favor of the single gold standard, although they are opposed to any change from the present system. There are others (also a diminishing number) who think that because a certain limited number of silver dollars are in circulation, we have bimetallism or the double standard in this country. This is a totally false conception, as false as it would be to assume that we have a paper standard because a limited number of greenbacks are afloat.

Of course, Mr. Black does not entertain any such false notion, yet he charges Mr. Carlisle, and those who agree with him, with the fell purpose to bring about a new condition of things in the United States—namely, the single gold standard; whereas that condition exists now. We have to assure him and all others like-minded that the "gold-bugs" have no changes of standard in contemplation. They are satisfied with the present posture of affairs, so far as that goes. The "expulsion" of everything but gold as real money took place in 1873, and continues unabated. Mr. Black might have learned this from 'Coin's Financial School.' The author of that book says that after the passage of the coinage act of 1873 silver "had changed its position from redemption money to token money." So when Mr. Black charges Mr. Carlisle and others with an intention to expel silver from the position of real money he comes in direct conflict with "Coin" on a question of fact, where, let us say, Coin is right and Black is wrong.

Mr. Black's next point is that silver is constitutional money, and he quotes a long list of authorities, including several judges of the Supreme Court and Daniel Webster, to prove his thesis. If this means that Congress has the constitutional right and power to make money of silver, nobody will dispute him; but if he means that Congress has no right to desist from making money of silver, he advances an argument that never was heard before in this country. We acquit him of anything so foolish, and assume that he makes his long series of citations from lawyers and judges in order to show that Secretary Carlisle is wrong in holding the opinion that the attempt to have money of both gold and silver at the same time is a physical and metaphysical absurdity.

If this is what Mr. Black means by his quotations from Webster, Clifford, and others, we must say that the mere fact that silver is constitutional money when Congress chooses to have it, does not militate in the least against Mr. Carlisle's contention. Mr. Carlisle merely expressed the opinion he entertained on a question of fact, against which laws and constitutions are as unavailing as the fables of Æsop. What Mr. Carlisle said was true, and although he was slow in perceiving it himself, it was true all the time—true from the days of King Solomon or King Rameses to the present, namely, that when two kinds of money of different value are equally current, the one of less value will drive the one of greater value out of circulation. This is merely saying that when a man can discharge an obligation with two things of different value, he will pay the less valuable thing and keep the one of greater value in his pocket. This is what happened to gold and to silver alternately for hundreds of years during the historical period, and to silver and copper also. It was precisely in order to get rid of these mutations and inconveniences that the nations one by one dropped silver out of their currencies except for subsidiary coins. It was merely a recognition of this fact that led Mr. Carlisle to make the remark which Mr. Black batters with such an array of legal lore.

Mr. Black next considers the platforms of the Democratic party from 1880 to the present time in order to confound and confute Mr. Carlisle. These platforms, he shows, call for the use of both gold and silver as money, while Mr. Carlisle says that this is a physical and a metaphysical impossibility. This looks like a poser for the Secretary, and would be so but for the fact that the platforms are a lot of rubbish and humbug devised to catch votes. Mr. Carlisle has apparently concluded that the time has come to put aside false pretences and utter a few words of plain truth. When these platforms spoke of using gold and silver as money, the men who prepared them meant to catch the votes of one side by coining dollars on Government account, and pretending that that was the remonetization of silver, and to hold the votes of the other side by not coining silver for private persons, and not coining enough to depreciate the whole mass. The Republican politicians played the same game for the same reason and with the same purpose. It is much to Mr. Carlisle's credit that he refuses to be a party to such deception any longer. It is equally to his credit that he acknowledges that his earlier opinions on this subject were wrong and that he has gained something by time and experience. Perhaps the time will come when his critics can say the same thing.

*TRUSTS AND OTHER CORPORATIONS.*

THE *Journal of Commerce*, a newspaper whose opinions are always entitled to respect, has lately published articles denouncing Trusts, with the warning that these combinations are distinctly un-American and are leading us straight into socialism. Readers of our columns will acquit us of any intention to defend trade combinations as such if we say that the arguments of the *Journal of Commerce* do not seem to cover the whole situation. Many of its assertions need definition. That paper, for example, says: "If a few great monopolistic combinations can arrogate to themselves the right to tax the great body of consumers for their own benefit, it will become easier to convince people that the business so conducted should be done for the profit of the commonwealth." It immediately occurs to the reader to ask, first, Are these Trusts committing commercial robbery after this fashion? and next, if they are, Would the state get the same profits if the business were made over to it?

The question of the profitableness of huge Trusts or corporations and its equity is one fiercely disputed and not capable of exact settlement as yet. Mere denunciation helps but little. Is the Standard Oil making too much money? It is a grasping monopoly with an unsavory history, but under its control the price of refined oil to consumers has been reduced to but a fifth of the old quotations, and meanwhile the cost of refining (the difference between crude and commercial oil) has declined from seventeen cents in 1870 to less than five cents in recent years. Could individual refiners have accomplished so much? and if not, should our complaint be against the combination as a business enterprise or against its legal form and old methods?

A further question involved is the commercial right of a corporation to a large profit in any case. Upon this point many of us are still in bondage to the old idea that what is equitable for a partnership is unlawful for a company doing the same work, and that the profits of the latter should not be allowed to exceed the usual rate of interest on loans secured by safe collateral. This right of a company or combination of companies to a profit is the more readily granted as the public is proportionately benefited, and this is one of the main tests of the soundness of what the *Journal of Commerce* denounces as commercial un-Americanism. Let us suppose that all the shoe-manufacturers of New England form a Trust; if done under legitimate conditions, and if thereby we all could buy shoes at $1 less per pair, should we be warranted in denouncing that combination as commercially unjustifiable? We are asking the question, and not at the moment trying to answer it, merely to indicate that there is another side to this perplexing corporation problem which many writers overlook. We would remind our readers of the English gas companies,

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whose charters allow of larger dividends only as the price of gas to consumers is reduced. While we cannot formulate an arithmetical ratio which shall constitute a standard in such cases, it is a question whether the principle is not at the bottom of much of our industrial progress.

"Four-fifths of the capital stock," continues the *Journal of Commerce*, speaking of huge corporations, "usually represents their ability to crush out competition, and has no other value whatever." If our supposed combination of shoemakers, while reducing the price of shoes, makes a good profit, it is foreign to the argument whether that profit takes the form of high dividends or small dividends on watered capital. We much prefer the former plan, but that need not blind an observer to the fact that a large part of the "water" in corporations is due to the wish to pay to shareholders a profit which the owners believe to be but commensurate to the risks. The "crushing out of competition" is also a matter to be settled by the evidence in each case, as, for illustration, whether the crushing as done by the large corporation is worse in its effects than would have been the relentless competition between individuals in their strife for the survival of the fittest. Then, again, the question is always proper whether competition is really crushed or merely made so severe that only those with exceptional capital and skill can enter into it. If the latter, then there is evidence that the combination has really cheapened cost and in so far has offered a good excuse for its existence.

The case of the American Cotton Oil Company is an example. Without entering into any examination of this company's affairs—once a Trust, now a corporation—it is but fair to say that it is in no proper sense a monopoly. So long as we grow 9,000,000 bales of cotton yearly, so long will it be impossible to "corner" cotton seed. Anybody can buy the seed, crush it, refine the oil and sell it; nor could the Cotton Oil Company stop him except by underselling him. The United States courts have decided that no monopoly exists where nothing prevents the establishment of a rival plant; and the decision has some worth as a commercial as well as a legal opinion.

But, it will be said, these huge corporations tend to suppress individualism, and are, therefore, opposed to the theories for which our country stands. There is something in this as things are now, and yet it may be that the evolution of the corporation will in time distinctly favor individualism. The greater the company, the more diverse its operations, the more dependent its success upon popular favor, the more sensitive it may grow to individual merit among its officers and employees, and the more amenable its huge interests to the demands of the people at large. Upon the whole, the proper attitude of thinking men towards our corporation problem should not be one of denunciation or of flattery, but rather of expectancy, a waiting for developments, with a readiness to act when action seems beyond a doubt to be necessary, but with a refusal to attack on insufficient evidence or on narrow grounds.

## *LORD SALISBURY'S SOCIAL PROGRAMME.*

THE only real programme of the Conservatives in the English election was to get a smashing majority. That they are now assured of, with a free hand to do what they please with it. But there has been vaguely lurking in the background something that was called a "social programme." What it was, nobody seemed exactly to know or to be able to explain. It was there, like an article of faith, to be the more devoutly received the less it was understood. On certain occasions, when ribald doubters like Mr. Asquith and Lord Rosebery had questioned the very existence of the sacred mystery, it was angrily reasserted by the Conservative orators. They *had* a social programme. It was big with blessings for the country. In due time it would be enunciated in detail. Just now the important thing was to see that none but good men and true were returned to Parliament.

Lord Salisbury's most explicit statements were made in a speech in the House of Lords on July 6. After banging the Liberals in noble style for a column and a half, he devoted a quarter of a column to explanation of the problems which a wise and truly able government would set about solving. One of these was agricultural depression. It was not for him to say how much this was due to natural causes. Let no man suspect him of having a panacea for the evil concealed about his clothes. All he asserted, in the teeth of his opponents and in the face of the world, was that the subject deserved "the deep attention of Parliament" (loud cries of "Hear, hear!"). Then there were the questions of industrial competition, the homes of the poor, accidents to workingmen, and old-age insurance—all of them "worthy of the most careful study." But let not the country expect too much. Great and wise as a Conservative Government would be certain to be, it could not pretend to destroy or withstand "the action of great economic laws." Above all, said the noble Marquis, no "panaceas" for him. Thought as deep as you please, attention as strained, the time of Parliament taken up as fully as you like, but no panaceas if you loved him.

This is really as amusing as Lord Rosebery found it at the time, and puts the Prime Minister of England on the same level with our own late Secretary of Agriculture, "Uncle Jerry" Rusk. He was the first man to advance the theory that the way to improve the condition of the farmer was for the whole country to sit down and "think" intently about it. Pure thought, he maintained, thus anticipating Lord Salisbury by several years, was what agriculture needed. Fertilizers, diversified crops, better tax laws were all very fine, but the thing that was really keeping the farmer down was lack of reflection. This is the remedy the Conservative chieftain now commends to the distressed agriculturists of England. Their crops are fearfully bad this year again, but by taking thought, especially by getting Parliament to give "deep attention" to the matter, they can easily add ten bushels to the acre and five shillings to the quarter. As to the remaining features of Lord Salisbury's social programme, they mean whatever you please—or nothing. Lord Rosebery asked the noble Marquis if he really proposed old-age pensions. The *Times's* report says: "The Marquis of Salisbury made no audible reply." He was doubtless looking out of the window and admiring the view.

But if Salisbury is cautious and noncommittal, surely the bold Chamberlain can be relied upon to speak, whether men will hear or forbear. He is the real author of the social programme. He has forced the Conservatives to take it up, albeit with the air of men handling a dynamite cartridge which may go off at any moment. From him we shall get something explicit. But alas! the responsibilities of office, the difficulties of an alliance with the Tories, the uncertainties of politics, have suddenly hushed the resounding Joseph in a remarkable way. In a speech at Lambeth he outlined his idea of the social programme, which was clearly modelled after the most expert methods of American platform-building. He was for temperance, let there be no doubt on that point; but it was for the kind of temperance which would not "ruin the publican." He was going to do great things for the working classes: give them "the protection they are entitled to," "better their conditions in life," "generally elevate their situation"; but he was going to do it "without destroying the industries upon which their livelihood depends." In fact, the abounding benevolence and power of Chamberlain were to be devoted from that day on to "raising and elevating all classes in the community," while at the same time he would not tolerate an "injury or injustice to any class, or even to any individual." "Slippery Joe" must have winked to himself, at least with the eye protected by his famous monocle, when he got this off. Never was there such a devout longing for the millennium, mixed with a delicate consideration for the feelings of the devil, who must be duly consulted about the chaining-up process.

It is clear, in short, that the Conservatives are committed to no social programme at all, except such as they may see fit or find it necessary to take up in the future. They will doubtless at-

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tempt something. The very goadings of the Opposition, who have a pretty considerable social record of their own to point to in the last three years, will compel them to make a show of doing something. But it is likely to be little but a show, and a dumb show at that. Even Sir John Gorst's ante-election exposition of the Conservative social programme, in the July *Nineteenth Century*, really promises nothing, when carefully read. "It is hoped" that this, that, and the other scheme might do good, though it is admitted that "the cost" might be "an objection" to almost every scheme. The cost will be, in fact, the rock on which socialistic schemes, Conservative or other, will go to wreck. With a vast plan for naval expansion already under way, with the increased expense attendant on a vigorous foreign policy—almost certain to be Salisbury's chief "lay"—the millions needed to carry out social legislation will have to be whistled for. Moreover, Salisbury's thumping majority, and his assured independence of the Liberal-Unionist alliance, will make him very niggardly in sending water to Chamberlain's mill. If there is any Conservative social programme, Chamberlain is the author of it, and his would be the glory of its enactment. The Tory Prime Minister will have other kinds of glory to think of than that of the man who was once his bitterest and most unscrupulous Radical opponent, and who has for nine years been holding the cold steel of the Liberal-Unionist vote to his throat.

## THE LEIBNIZ DAY OF THE BERLIN ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

BERLIN, July 6, 1895.

IT is eminently fitting that the Berlin Academy should annually celebrate the memory of Leibniz—not only because Leibniz was the virtual founder of this, the foremost of Germany's learned institutions, but chiefly because he was the first great representative among the Germans of what is implied in the somewhat unfortunate term, modern culture. Leibniz stands midway between Luther and Goethe. He first reduced to philosophic reasoning the individualistic view of the universe which had been at the bottom of the Reformation movement, and which was to find its fullest artistic expression in the classic epoch of eighteenth-century literature. At a time when the Thirty Years' War and its disastrous consequences had crushed all national hopes, his philosophy formed a rallying-point for higher-striving minds, and opened up the prospect of an ultimate, though distant, resurrection of the German people.

If Descartes, Locke, and even Spinoza look at the world as a huge mechanism in which there is little room left for spontaneous activity and self-assertion, Leibniz considers it as an aggregate of an infinite multitude of independent intellectual forces. There is mind in everything. The body is nothing but mind contracted into form: "Omne corpus est mens momentanea." Between plant, animal, and man there is a difference of degree only, not of quality. The whole world is engaged in a process of continual change, transition, perfection. There is an unbroken line of development from the sleeping life of a seed corn to the free consciousness of a full-grown man; from the gloomy egotism of the savage to the broad, enlightened charity of the sage. God is the supreme wisdom and the supreme love. From an infinite number of possible worlds he has chosen the actual world as the best. He has created it, and is therefore outside of it: but he has constituted it in such a manner that it needs no guidance except through its own intrinsic laws. He has so arranged it that all individual forces work together harmoniously and for a common end. Evil itself is only a less perfect good. An admiring insight into this harmony of the universe is man's highest happiness and virtue. It is happiness, because it gives us trust in the reasonableness of things and makes us accept all that may befall us, pain no less than pleasure, as the dispensation of a divine providence. It is virtue, because it helps us to overcome all littleness, puts before us the ideal of a complete existence, and teaches us through self-perfection to take part in the betterment of the race.

Strange and enigmatic as this curious mixture of scientific ideas and mythological images must appear to an age which has accustomed itself to approach all questions without the bias of the supernatural, it is none the less clear that the leading thought of the nineteenth century, the idea of organic evolution, is here at least foreshadowed. And however well deserved the fame of Leibniz the antiquarian, the linguist, the mathematician, the exact investigator, may be, his true significance lies in this divinatory conception of the world as a living whole.

Both the environment and the spirit of the assemblage which, the day before yesterday, gathered in the modest hall of the Berlin Academy of Sciences to do homage to this great man, were thoroughly characteristic of the prevailing tendencies—patent or hidden—in modern German life. Perhaps the most conspicuous thing about it was the complete absence of anything even approaching public interest in the matter. Suppose there were some stated day on which the memory of Locke or Hume was celebrated at Sanders Theatre—a day on which men like William James, John Fiske, Brinton, Gildersleeve, Child (to take at random a few names suggested by the thought of a possible American Academy) could be heard or seen—a day, moreover, which would lend itself naturally to the most delightful afternoon teas and receptions—a day on which the latest spring gown could be worn to the best advantage; then all the elements necessary for a most emphatically social time in the electric cars between Boston and Cambridge would be given. The Berlin public evidently are so saturated with intelligence and culture that they are above the vulgar desire to see and hear distinguished men. And thus it happened that the Leibniz day of the Royal Academy, an occasion in which men of world-wide fame, like Mommsen, Curtius, Virchow, Harnack, DuBois-Reymond, were sure to participate, attracted, apart from the friends and guests of the Academicians themselves, not more than a little group of students and foreign visitors—all told, an audience of some three hundred people; while in the daily press it was hardly mentioned, either before or after.

Another characteristic feature of the meeting—and a most agreeable one—was its absolute simplicity and freedom from formality. The only official representative of the Government present was Dr. Bosse, the Minister of Public Instruction, and he was a few minutes late. That Mommsen, the presiding officer, did not wait for him in opening the proceedings, seemed to me an incident of almost symbolical significance. Bureaucracy and militarism have not yet penetrated into the sanctuary of science, thank God! Not a single uniform was to be seen in the audience; not a single lady whom one would have felt tempted to address with "Gnädige Frau." The predominant types were earnest, unpretentious, and determined-looking men, and simple and benevolent-looking housewives. Even boys and girls were there, sitting quietly and modestly with their parents. It was altogether a family affair of Berlin's best men.

To me the most interesting figure was Mommsen. He sat by the side of Curtius, and the two together appeared an almost perfect embodiment of the ideal scholar. Curtius, though he has rallied from his recent accident with wonderful elasticity, yet gives the impression of one whose thoughts do not dwell any longer on this earth. The far-away look of his eye and the melancholy smile that plays around his lips—these characteristic expressions of his essentially lyric temper have been accentuated by the approach of the end, and surround him more than ever with a curious dreamy charm. Mommsen, on the other hand, seems to have been only steeled and invigorated by old age. His voice is as keen and penetrating as ever, his eye has still the same inexorable, sibylline glance as of old; and the sarcastic lines that run from nose to chin are perhaps even more marked than they used to be. But, at the same time, there is spread over his face a certain softness which was formerly absent, and the nervousness of his manner has entirely disappeared.

The exercises of the day consisted in an opening address by Mommsen, in the initiation, also by Mommsen, of some newly elected members, among them Erich Schmidt and Adolf Erman; and in a memorial address on Helmholtz by Du Bois-Reymond. While the latter was in the main biographical, and offered little that was either new or of universal interest, there was a terseness, a poignancy, a freedom in all that Mommsen said, which was simply irresistible. The central subject of his remarks was the relation of the specialist to the whole system of human knowledge. "Are we truly assembled here in the spirit of Leibniz?" he asked. "Can we truly call ourselves his disciples?" The answer to this question seems at first sight to be a negative one. To Leibniz the individual fact had no significance except as a link in the whole of a well-rounded and complete view of the world; and he himself mastered all the details of a systematic view of the world which was the fruit of his own thought and his own researches in nearly every domain of science. To us the isolated fact is only too often the final goal of investigation; and as for mastering the system of knowledge as a whole, none of us is a master, we are all journeymen. "*Unser* Werk lobt keinen Meister; nicht wir beherrschen die Wissenschaft, die Wissenschaft beherrscht uns." If, then, through specialization of work we have lost the universal culture and true humanity which for Leibniz was still attainable, it would yet be a grave mistake to condemn on that account the tendency of specialization. On the contrary, it is the specialist—*i. e.*, the specialist who looks beyond the isolated fact—who is to lead us back to culture and humanity. Only from him can we expect the elucidation of the organic unity of all knowledge; only he can penetrate to the one source of all life. It is, therefore, he, and not the compiler, who truly represents the conception of science as an or-

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ganic whole; and of him more truly than of any one else can it be said that he walks in the footsteps of Leibniz.

While this was the general trend of Mommsen's discourse, it was perfectly apparent that through it all there ran an undercurrent of protest against recent political developments, against the autocratic rule of the present Emperor and the constantly growing overbearance of Prussian officialdom. It was undoubtedly intended for the ears of the Minister of Public Instruction, who, by the way, sat directly opposite him when Mommsen remarked that the time seemed for ever gone when a distinguished scholar like Wilhelm von Humboldt could at the same time be a Prussian Minister of State. It was an unmistakable reproof of the Emperor's scandalous treatment of the venerable Von Sybel when Mommsen spoke of the relation of Frederick the Great—"Friedrichs des *Einzigen*"—to the members of the Academy as something which would be simply impossible at present. It was a direct condemnation of modern Byzantinism and a plea for a freer and nobler view of life than that held by Bismarckian worshippers of might, when, in the words of welcome addressed to Erich Schmidt, he called it the task of the historian of German literature "to lead the age of William back to the age of Schiller and Goethe." And thus there was heard even in this peaceful gathering an echo of the conflict which is dividing modern Germany into two hostile camps—a conflict of which we thus far have witnessed only the beginning. KUNO FRANCKE.

# Correspondence.

## THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AND JEFFERSON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The influence upon Jefferson of the social and economic condition of France, as seen by him during his sojourn in that country between 1784 and 1789, is a matter of general acceptance, and is observable in much that he wrote in those years, as well as in his subsequent writings. But the most marked expression of the extreme to which his opinions tended, under the direct pressure of what he saw about him while in France, has just come to my attention, being a letter addressed by him to his friend, Rev. James Madison, never yet printed; and as it is received too late for publication in its proper place in my edition of Jefferson's Writings, it deserves publication in your columns. Jefferson made a curious slip in the date, for he evidently wrote 1795 while intending 1785 (as he was never in France after 1789), an error that would seem almost impossible for a man to make had he not made the same slip in other letters of his, and constantly misdated his letters at the beginning of each year. PAUL LEICESTER FORD.

BROOKLYN, July, 1895.

FONTAINEBLEAU, Oct. 28, 1795.

DEAR SIR: Seven o'clock, and retired to my fireside, I have determined to enter into conversation with you. This is a village of about 5,000 inhabitants, when the court is not here, & 20,000 when they are, occupying a valley thro' which runs a brook and on each side of it a ridge of small mountains most of which are naked rock. The King comes here, in the fall always, to hunt. His court attend him, as do also the foreign diplomatic corps, but as this is not indispensably required & my finances do not admit the expense of a continued residence here, I propose to come occasionally to attend the King's levees, returning again to Paris, distant forty miles. This being the first trip I set out yesterday Morning to take a view of the place. For this purpose I shaped my course towards the highest of the mountains in sight, to the top of which was about a league. As soon as I had got clear of the town I fell in with a poor woman walking at the same rate with myself & going the same course. Wishing to know the condition of the laboring poor I entered into conversation with her, which I began by enquiries for the path which would lead me into the mountain: & thence proceeded to enquiries into her vocation, condition & circumstances. She told me she was a day laborer at 8 sous or 4d. sterling the day: that she had two children to maintain, & to pay a rent of 30 livres for her house (which would consume the hire of 75 days), that often she could get no employment, and of course was without bread. As we had walked together near a mile & she had so far served me as a guide, I gave her, on parting, 24 sous. She burst into tears of a gratitude which I could perceive was unfeigned because she was unable to utter a word. She had probably never before received so great an aid. This little attendrissement, with the solitude of my walk led me into a train of reflections on that unequal division of property which occasions the numberless instances of wretchedness which I had observed in this country & is to be observed all over Europe. The property of this Country is absolutely concentred in a very few hands, having revenues of from half a million of guineas a year downwards. These employ the flower of the country as servants, some of them having as many as 200 domestics, not labouring. They employ also a great number of manufacturers & tradesmen, & lastly the class of labouring husbandmen. But after all there comes the most numerous of all classes, that is, the poor who cannot find work. I asked myself what could be the reason so many should be permitted to beg who are willing to work, in a country where there is a very Considerable proportion of uncultivated lands? These lands are undisturbed only for the sake of game. It should seem then that it must be because of the enormous wealth of the proprietors which places them above attention to the increase of their revenues by permitting these lands to be laboured. I am conscious that an equal division of property is impracticable, but the consequences of this enormous inequality producing so much misery to the bulk of Mankind, legislators cannot invent too many devices for subdividing property, only taking care to let their subdivisions go hand in hand with the natural affections of the human mind. The descent of property of every kind therefore to all the children, or to all the brothers & sisters, or other relations in equal degree is a politic measure, and a practicable one. Another means of silently lessening the inequality of property is to exempt all from taxation below a certain point, & to tax the higher portions or property in geometrical progression as they rise. Whenever there is in any Country uncultivated lands and unemployed poor, it is clear that the laws of property have been so far extended as to violate natural right. The earth is given as a common stock for man to labour & live on. If for the encouragement of industry we allow it to be appropriated, we must take care that other employment be provided to those excluded from the appropriation. If we do not, the fundamental right to labour the earth returns to the unemployed. It is too soon yet in our country to say that every Man who cannot find employment, but who can find uncultivated land shall be at liberty to cultivate it, paying a moderate rent. But it is not too soon to provide by every possible means that as few as possible shall be without a little portion of land. The small landholders are the most precious part of a state.—The next object which struck my attention in my walk was the deer with which the wood abounded. They were of the kind called "Cerfs," and not exactly of the same species with ours. They are blackish indeed under the belly, & not white as ours, & they are more of the chestnut red, but these are such small differences as would be sure to happen in two races from the same stock breeding separately a number of ages. Their hares are totally different from the animal we call by that name; but their rabbet is almost exactly like him. The only difference is in their manners; the land on which I walked for some time being absolutely reduced to a honeycomb by their burrowing. I think there is no instance of ours burrowing. After descending the hill again I saw a man cutting fern. I went to him under pretence of asking the shortest road to town, and afterwards asked for what use he was cutting fern. He told me that this part of the country furnished a great deal of fruit to Paris. That when packed in straw it acquired an ill taste, but that dry fern preserved it perfectly without communicating any taste at all. I treasured this observation for the preservation of my apples on my return to my own country. They have no apples here to compare with our Rentown pipping. They have nothing which deserves the name of a peach; there being not sun enough to ripen the Plumb peach & the best of their soft peaches being like our autumn peaches. Their cherries & strawberries are fair, but I think less flavour. Their plums I think are better; so also the gooseberries, and the pears infinitely beyond any thing we possess. They have nothing better than our sweet-water; but they have a succession of as good from very early in the summer till frost. I am tomorrow to get [to] M. Malsherbes (an uncle of the chevalr Luzerne's) about 7 leagues from hence, who is the most curious man in France as to his trees. He is making for me a collection of the vines from which the Burgundy, Champagne, Bourdeaux, Frontignac, and other the most valuable wines of this country are made. Another gentleman is collecting for me the best eating grapes, including what we call the raisin. I propose also to endeavor to colonize their hare, rabbet, red & grey partridge, pheasants of different kinds, & some other birds. But I find that I am wandering beyond the limits of my walk & will therefore bid you Adieu.

Yours affectionately TH. JEFFERSON.

## THE REARRANGEMENT OF THE VENICE ACADEMY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When, in Venice three months ago, I went to the Academy, I found it resounding to the hammer; on a subsequent day it was closed, not for a week to be open to visitors, and, my stay in Venice being short, I was forced to postpone my examination of its contents. Upon my return I found everything in order, which it is to be hoped is the order that is destined to remain. Of recent years no gallery has so constantly changed as the Venetian Academy; for the connoisseur this is no great hardship, but for the ordinary traveller, who must depend upon his guide-book, it is a serious trouble. Ruskin's Academy guide has long been out of date; Hare and the 1889 Baedeker were only less useless, and since this recent change even the 1895 Baedeker is of no help.

The gallery has suffered a most complete shaking up. With the exception of the removal of two portraits, the Sala dell' Assunta has all its pictures in place, though the numbers are changed. Besides these pictures, Basaiti's "Agony in the Garden," Veronese's "Christ in the House of Levi," and Bordone's "Fisherman" occupy the same places as two years ago. All the other pictures have been changed, if not from room to room, at least from wall to wall.

It does not, however, follow that this house-cleaning was unnecessary. Its effects are in many cases beneficial. Important pictures have been put in better lights, and the historical arrangement is much improved. Moreover, certain changes are important and noteworthy. Gentile Bellini's "Miracles of the Cross," with pictures by Carpaccio, Mansueti, and Diana, of similar subjects similarly treated, have been collected in an octagonal room specially constructed for their reception, and in another are isolated the St. Ursula pictures

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by Carpaccio. This arrangement of the St. Ursula series is especially pleasing. It is true that in their present order the present pictures present no historical sequence, but we have them in one room together, hung at the best height for the eye, and in good light.

The remaining noteworthy change is in the old Albergo, where are now placed two pictures only, the Vivarini "Madonna with the Fathers of the Church" and the Titian "Presentation of the Virgin," both of which are supposed originally to have been painted for this room. Passing over the questions of authorship, which ascribe the one picture to Giovanni d'Allemagna and Antonio da Murano, to Antonello da Murano, and even to Jacobello da Fiore, and the other to a pupil of Titian, it is interesting to see these pictures finally restored to their old places. The Academy occupies the buildings of the Convent of the Carità, converted, like many another convent in Italy, to Government purposes. Its collection is made up principally of pictures confiscated at the time of the secularization of the monasteries, and among them were these two pictures. They are, as I have said, finally restored to their old room, the Titian receiving exactly its old position over the two doors. For this purpose the two patches put in so long ago have been removed, and with its recent cleaning and fresh coat of varnish, which seem to have done it no harm whatever, the picture looks extremely well.

In this room, with its pictures of such different periods in this interesting juxtaposition, and the Sala dell' Assunta, with its collection of masterpieces, the remaining rooms of the Academy have been given up to a rearrangement in historical order. One room contains pictures from Jacobello to the early Vivarini; another, pictures from the late Vivarini to Basaiti and Carpaccio. The two octagonal rooms, with one other, contain the pictures of the school of Gentile Bellini and Carpaccio, and another room is given up principally to Giovanni Bellini and Cima. In this room, as if to remind one of Giovanni's indebtedness to other masters, are Mantegna's little "St. George" and Antonello da Messina's "Madonna Annunciata," with a most Flemish looking Antonello portrait. Two large rooms and one smaller contain works of the High Renaissance, while two more show the course of later art down to Tiepolo. The corridors contain a miscellaneous assortment of inferior pictures. A room is given up to the scanty collection of drawings, which, it is interesting to notice, are mostly of other schools than the Venetian. In this room, advantageously arranged for study, is the Venetian sketch-book, still ascribed to Raphael.

A word about photographs in Venice. After some time Alinari and Anderson have succeeded in getting out a large number of works of characteristic excellence. Their work has been done principally in Venice, but they have photographed in parts of Lombardy (notably Verona) and Venetia. Giorgione's Castelfranco altar-piece has been photographed in all sizes, in detail and as a whole. It is true that in the Venetian pictures there is still much to be desired, as in the photographs of the school of San Rocco, which has been unaccountably slurred, but by going from one publisher to the other a careful buyer can get good photographs of most of the best pictures in Venice. Both publishers are still at work enlarging their catalogues, Alinari has at last set up a depot in Venice, the little shops carry full lines of the new publications, and Naya, spurred to do something, with characteristic indolence, has taken to selling the photographs of Anderson. ALLEN FRENCH.

KLOBENSTEIN, TIROL, July 7, 1895.

## ANTONIO RAIMONDI AND PERU.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with much pleasure and profit Prof. DeKalb's article on Antonio Raimondi, which appeared in your issue of July 18. It is refreshing to find a clear and truthful statement concerning a country which has been the subject of so many imaginative stories. Peru is a wonderful land in all respects, and not the least wonderful feature about it is the lack of real knowledge of this region on the part of foreign nations. Every one who goes thither meets with surprising features of man and nature, hears astonishing stories about the country, its inhabitants, and its products, and, if he abides any length of time and journeys into the interior, finds flat contradictions of most of what he has previously read. The tales of tourists, after a brief visit, rushing into print with sensational accounts and hasty generalizations are not the only sources of mistakes concerning this republic and its neighbors; savants also have wandered from strict facts. Even Humboldt dreamed, as Whymper has discovered.

Notwithstanding the length of time during which it has been inhabited by whites, Peru is still a *terra incognita*. Its mineral regions are still practically virgin, and its agricultural regions have merely been scratched, except on the narrow coast-belt. It is easy to say that its geological formations are generally Jurassic and Cretaceous, but when it comes to details, there is absolute ignorance in literature. Books fresh from the press still assure us that the two veins of Cerro de Pasco meet and cross in a little market-place of the town; as a matter of fact the metal-bearing deposit is half a mile wide. In the province of Aymaraes there are gold deposits of curious nature, an adequate description of which is yet to be published. The country here is a seeming jumble of volcanic and sedimentary rocks. Spheralites of true glassy magma abound, as large as a man's head and larger. Millions of cubic yards of volcanic gravel (I use "gravel" merely as a convenient mining term) contain throughout their mass particles of gold which all have sharp (not rounded) edges; as if volcanic gold-bearing rock had been disintegrated *in situ* to a depth of several hundred feet.

Scattered pamphlets on some of the plants of Peru have appeared, but no adequate botany has been printed. Yet through the extent of the vast interior one hears the most astonishing accounts of the plants and the herb-decoctions made by the Indian women, especially of the aphrodisiacal effects of certain of the decoctions. Although I have never been able to obtain authentic information, I cannot doubt that there is some basis of truth for these stories.

Were there time and space, hundreds of strange and interesting facts about Peru and many cases of scientific (?) misstatements might be cited. I adduce the above few instances simply to emphasize the value of Raimondi's work, and the desirability of editing and publishing his data accumulated during a laborious residence of some twenty years in the interior, amid hardships and privations which would have crushed a less determined and enthusiastic devotee of science.

I hope that one or more of our great scientific institutions may adopt Prof. DeKalb's suggestion, and aid in securing the fruits of Raimondi's great life work. Peru unaided has not the finances needed to carry out what it has undertaken. Such men as Ernesto Malinowski, at one time Chief Engineer of the Oroya Railroad, and at all times an earnest supporter of science; Eduardo Abich, the efficient Director of the School of Civil and Mining Engineers; Leonardo Pflücker, successful mining engineer and distinguished savant; the able officers and members of the Geographical Society of Lima, who have done much excellent work and have charge now of the preparation of Raimondi's material—these and other gentlemen of Lima have displayed great interest in the subject, and through their influence money has been obtained heretofore from the Government; but, in the present condition of Peru, no more public money can be counted on, unless the national pride be roused to unexpected efforts.

Two Americans, now both dead, have given Raimondi efficient assistance. One was Henry Meiggs, of whom Prof. DeKalb has written. The other was William H. Cilley, the greatest railroad builder of the world, who won the love and esteem of South America by his genius, generosity, and high standard of honor, and made the name of the United States respected throughout the West Coast. His countrymen would do well to continue his acts of useful liberality.

A. D. HODGES, JR.

BOSTON, July 21, 1895.

# Notes.

A CENTENARY edition of the Poems of Robert Burns is about to be taken in hand by T. C. and E. C. Jack, Edinburgh, under the editorship of W. E. Henley and T. F. Henderson, in four volumes. A pure text will be especially sought after, and dates of publication will take precedence of dates of composition. The fourth volume will consist of "Songs, Doubtful Pieces, Addenda, Glossarial Index, and General Index," and an essay on the life and genius of Burns, by Mr. Henley. The publishers will esteem it a favor to be put in communication with all owners of original Burns MSS., with a view to comparison and collation.

Preston & Rounds, Providence, R. I., invite subscriptions to 'Early Rhode Island Houses: An Historical and Architectural Study,' by Norman M. Isham, Instructor in Architecture, Brown University, and Albert F. Brown, architect, with a map and more than fifty full-page plates. Fourteen important and characteristic houses have been selected, of date well ascertained, and these will be illustrated with plans, sections, and restorations based on actual measurements. The volume will be an octavo, and the edition will be limited.

Henry Holt & Co. will publish immediately an authorized translation of Paulsen's 'Introduction to Philosophy,' by Prof. Frank Thilly of the University of Missouri, with a preface by Prof. William James of Harvard.

F. Warne & Co. have reprinted in a pretty and inexpensive volume Mr. James Knowles's 'Legends of King Arthur and his Knights,' formerly published under the initials "J. T. K." The book has been too long before the public to need more than a word of commendation. It is precisely what it professes to be: an abridgment, in a clear and popular style, of Malory's 'Morte Darthur,' with a few additions and some changes in arrangement. We

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have more than once expressed our regret that the late and frequently debased forms afforded by Malory's compilation should continue to stand between English readers and all knowledge of more genuine and more estimable versions of the Arthur story. However, it is greater popularity for Chrétien de Troyes that is desirable, not less popularity for Sir Thomas, and accordingly we welcome Mr. Knowles's little book in its fresh attire.

Even Alison must be impressed into the prevailing Napoleonic craze, and A. S. Barnes & Co. have had the more or less happy thought to resort to the old plates of Edward S. Gould's abridgment of his 'History of Europe from the French Revolution to the Fall of Napoleon,' and launch them anew after fifty years of storage. This is now called a "Student's Edition," but who would recommend the student to begin with Alison?

We have received from Macmillan & Co. the fifth and sixth volumes of Mr. Charles Booth's great work on the people of London ('Life and Labor of the People'). In these volumes the classification of the population by trades is undertaken, with the aid of the occupation returns of the census of 1891. It should be somewhat consoling to those who are disquieted by the inequalities of fortune to learn that out of 4,000,000 people in the rich city of London only 60,000 all told—men, women, and children—enjoy the luxury of an establishment with as many as four servants. "With less than half of these is the number of servants greater than that of those they serve." Like the other volumes of this magnificent statistical work, these are full of interesting details, and contain an enormous amount of technical information.

The Massachusetts Military Historical Society has published a new volume of papers read before it, entitled 'Critical Sketches of Some of the Federal and Confederate Commanders.' The series makes an interesting group of well-drawn characters, including Grant, McClellan, Sherman, Thomas, Beauregard, Stuart, Hancock, and Humphreys. Some of the papers have already appeared in periodicals, but others are for the first time made public, and all are worthy to be thus collected in a permanent volume. Great freedom is allowed the writers, who strongly but candidly make their estimates, each from his own standpoint, sometimes with strong contrasts of view and of conclusion. The society has material for some ten volumes or more, and proposes to classify the papers according to campaigns, and to continue the publication. With a strong list of contributors headed by Mr. John C. Ropes, it hardly needs saying that the war literature will thus be enriched in a noteworthy manner.

J. E. A. Smith's 'The Poet among the Hills: Oliver Wendell Holmes in Berkshire' (Pittsfield, Mass.: George Blatchford) is a rambling little book whose chief aim is to exhibit Dr. Holmes's poetic products during his seven summers in Pittsfield. A portion of this has never before been published; but the whole of it hardly serves to establish Dr. Holmes's title to be a poet of nature. The matter is eked out with Longfellow and Mrs. Kemble, and there are portraits, views, and facsimiles of old prints

Three of the four stories which make up Henry James's 'Terminations' (Harpers) have been printed before; the last one, "The Altar of the Dead," is new, and in originality of conception as well as in delicacy of imagination outranks the others. It is a theme after Hawthorne's own heart, and though he would have put more chill and creepiness into its treatment, he could hardly have made characters essentially elusive and ghost-like more real than has Mr. James by his flashes of light thrown upon flitting figures. Nowhere has he more shown himself, to use one of his own phrases, "a fingerer of style," with a fatal eye for the exact word required. Two of the other stories deal with certain aspects of the literary life, their apparent burden being the unsatisfactoriness of success, when not the highest. If some detect an autobiographic smart in this, more will be left wondering why so exquisite a literary art has not yet found a subject great enough to make its exercise seem less like sheer waste.

Señor Enrique Dupuy de Lôme, now Minister from Spain to this country, has had a varied diplomatic career, two years of which, 1873–1875, were passed in the Spanish Legation in Yokohama. Of the observations there made and the studies pursued, we now have the fruit in his 'Estudios sobre el Japón' (Madrid: Sucesores de Rivadeneyra). For the most part written twenty years ago, the volume has its timeliness in the chapters wherein Japan's leap from the middle ages into the modern world is described, and especially, from a Spanish point of view, in the pages which discuss and forecast the relations of Spain to Japan in the Orient. On this head Señor de Lôme writes: "Twenty-one years ago I said that Japan was an example and might come to be a peril; the example continues, and the peril has arrived, to become greater every day." Why Spanish influence and prestige in the East have so declined, the Spanish Minister explains with a frankness which must be melancholy reading for his countrymen. Something, he says, he does not know what, has eaten the enterprise and the moral fibre out of the Spaniard of the sixteenth century. Other races have taken the initiative in colonizing and commerce, and the Spaniard has sunk so low that he does not even care that his old sceptre has been given to another.

It would not be surprising if many persons, on reading Pierre Loti's 'Jérusalem' (Paris: Calmann Lévy), believed the author in a fair way of becoming a Christian, yet nothing would be further from the truth. Loti is emotional, acutely sensitive, but neither deep nor persistent, and, withal, a little bit of a *poseur*. The poetry of Jerusalem appeals to him through its picturesqueness, its (to him) new flavor of Judaism and Christianity, but in no more moving way than Constantinople or his Chinese kitten. He has an eye for certain colors and tints, for certain effects, and a remarkable power of describing them. The regretful tone, the would-be despair with which he seeks to impress the reader, and does impress many readers, are transient and will vanish like the mists and vapors that shadow at times the City of God. But neither his unbelief nor his pessimism ever prompts him to irony or contempt for the simple-hearted believers he meets in throngs up and down the narrow streets and around the sacred shrines. And this is a pleasant point to note. He may disagree, but he does not sneer. That there are numerous beautiful pages in the book is matter of course; it is an exquisite piece of writing, second only to 'Le Désert,' in which Loti was unconsciously more at home than in Jerusalem.

The War Department prints for army use 'The Autumn Manœuvres of 1894 in Austria-Hungary, France, and Germany.' This is part of the good fruit of the establishment of the "Military Information Division," and will give the opportunity for profitable study of the great schools of campaigning as now conducted by first-class military powers. The Austrian and German manœuvres are illustrated by large topographical maps, on which the positions are marked for each day of the mimic campaign that approaches as near to the proportions of actual war as is possible in time of peace. The Austrian manœuvres covered a region of some thirty miles square near Landskron in Eastern Bohemia. The German were in a region of similar extent south of Königsberg in Old Prussia. The French took place between Chartres and Orléans. The theatres of operation are characteristically different in topographical features, and the manœuvres possess the very highest degree of military interest.

In Part vii. of 'The Fishes of North America,' the editor, Mr. W. C. Harris, continues his notes upon the cat-fishes, a family most appreciated by juvenile anglers. The colored lithographs are of the small-mouthed black bass and the striped bass.

We have received from Dietrich Reimer, Berlin, the third of the twenty-nine plates of Richard Kiepert's map of German East Africa, on a scale of 1:300,000. This important work is issued under the patronage of the Colonial section of the Foreign Office, and may be trusted to embrace the minutest items of our present knowledge of a region extending from the sea to Lake Tanganyika, the Victoria Nyanza, Lake Nyasa, and the Rovuma River. Each sheet is accompanied by explanatory text. No better cartographer could have been employed than the compiler of the official 'Deutscher Colonial-Atlas.'

'*Figaro* Salon 1895' (New York: Boussod, Valadon & Co.) is concluded with Part 6, which is distinguished by a picture of Paul Dubois's equestrian statue of Jeanne d'Arc. The sculpture seems, indeed, to surpass the canvases in this season's exhibits, and we may single out in Part 5 A. Bartholomé's "Projet d'un Monument aux Morts" as containing the elements, at least, of a remarkably effective work.

D. C. Heath have become the American publishers of *Science Progress*, a periodical that stands quite apart in its class and holds no mean rank.

The seventeenth International Congress for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Property will be held in Dresden in September (21-28), and preparations are being energetically made by the local committee appointed by the Dresden Association of Authors. As the King of Saxony has accepted the patronate of the congress, and as there is an ample guarantee fund, the meeting will undoubtedly be a great success, especially since it takes place for the first time in a city of the German Empire, and its aims have a special interest for German authors and artists. Only two of the preceding congresses of the "Association Littéraire et Artistique Internationale" met in German cities—in Vienna in 1881, in Berne in 1883. Weighty questions will come up for discussion and possible solution in Dresden. Johannes Brahms, Eduard Brockhaus, Paul Heyse (in lieu of the late Gustav Freytag), Adolf Menzel, Johann Schilling, and Paul Wallot, the architect of the new Reichstag building in Berlin, will preside. After a solemn opening in the Gewerbehaus at Dresden and a gala operatic performance in the Court Theatre on September 21, the discussions will be carried on for a week, interrupted by excursions to Meissen for the inspection of the ceramic exposition prepared solely for the members of the

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congress, and an excursion on September 28 to Leipzig, where the congress will be formally closed. It is to be hoped that many American authors and artists may be present.

—The current number of the *Journal of Hellenic Studies* (vol. xv., part i.) contains a very brief paper, by Mr. A. S. Murray, upon an Athenian lekythos in the British Museum. The paper is illustrated by a small woodcut in the text, and by a photographic plate in which the whole design painted on the vase is shown at once, and as if it had been painted on a tablet. From an explanatory note it appears that Mr. A. H. Smith has invented the machine which has effected this, the cyclograph, whose operation is as follows: "The vase . . . rotates while travelling along the circumference of a circle having its centre at the centre of the lens; and a narrow slit, which travels at the same time between the vase and the lens at right angles to the axis of the latter, insures that so much only of the vase shall be exposed at any moment as is without sensible motion, at the point where the movements of rotation and translation counteract one another." It is claimed that now for the first time is a painting on such a surface photographed without distortion. The phial in question, however, is nearly cylindrical. How will the machine work with the vases whose form approaches the spherical—with the œnochoe and the hydria? The painting represents a woman holding just such a lekythos in her right hand, other objects in her left hand, and evidently carrying offerings to the dead. It is evident, then, that such lekythoi were used in funereal rites. The inscription Mr. Murray gives as Πάτροκλ(ε) χαῖρε—"Hail to Patroclus." But, he explains, it is not the tomb of Patroclus of the 'Iliad,' nor of any other Patroclus, which she is to visit; here, rather, is an instance of the proverbial use of the passage from the 'Iliad,' where the slave-women weep their own private sorrows while seeming to mourn Patroclus. "The woman represented carries her own grief with her, while she laments ostensibly for some Patroclus or other."

—Most readers of the new German monthly, the *Geographische Zeitschrift* (Leipzig: B. G. Teubner; New York: Dyrsen & Pfeiffer and B. Westermann & Co.), will turn directly to the extremely suggestive article on the "Peace of Simonoseki in its Geographical Relations," by Baron von Richthofen, the well-known author of the standard work on China. He briefly indicates the strategical and material value of the Liautung Peninsula, Korea, and Formosa to Japan, and strongly commends the wisdom of her choice of places to be opened to trade. Three of these are situated at the centres of the silk districts, about one hundred miles from Shanghai. The manufacture of silk, it may be said, is growing with astonishing rapidity in Japan, the 13,000 spindles of four years ago having now become 600,000. Sha-shi, near the head of steam navigation on the Yang-tse, is the port of a vast network of canals running north and south of the river through the cotton-growing provinces of central China. Siangtan in Hunan and Chung-king in Sze-chwan are similarly situated with respect to the great coal fields in these provinces. Comparing the influence of Western civilization on the three great Asiatic empires, India, China, and Japan, our author says that the two former would speedily return to their ancient condition on the withdrawal of the European, but that a permanent change has come over Japan, which will inevitably affect China. Japan has accomplished what England and France have failed to do: she has awakened China out of her sleep, and opened to Japanese enterprise the greatest store of cheap and intelligent labor which the world possesses. He holds, therefore, that the principal outcome of the war is the shifting not only of the world's political and military, but also, what is far more serious in its consequences, of her industrial centre of gravity. The other articles are one on geographical research by the editor, Prof. A. Hettner of Leipzig, which is accompanied by a chart showing the extent to which the earth has been surveyed, and one on the influence of climatic variations on the crops and prices of cereals in Europe. There is also an account of the Bremen Geographical Congress, the latest news from explorers and travellers, and notices of new books. From the editor's introduction we gather that the aim of the *Zeitschrift* is, not to publish purely scientific articles, but to present in a popular form the progress of our knowledge of the earth and its inhabitants, and also to treat of the methods of geographical education. A large number of writers, including some well-known names, have promised their coöperation. The form is a large octavo.

—*Die Frauenbewegung* was founded only six months ago by Frau von Gizycki, the gifted wife of the late Georg von Gizycki, professor of philosophy and ethics at the University of Berlin, himself a warm advocate of woman's rights. It is a semi-monthly journal edited by Lily von Gizycki and Minna Cauer, and receives contributions chiefly from the pens of leading German women writers and reformers, although articles by men not unfrequently find a place in its columns. While its aim is first and foremost the attainment of the rights now so freely extended to women in other countries, and of those still denied them the world over, it has also at heart the cause of temperance and of peace, and general social regeneration. A large percentage of both the men and the women interested in woman's advancement in Germany are more or less declared Socialists. Socialism is accordingly imputed as an opprobrium to the *Frauenbewegung*. This cannot be helped any more than could the early relation between the despised anti-slavery agitation in this country and the movement for the equal rights and duties of the two sexes. The *Frauenbewegung* is remarkable for its able editorials, but most of all for its unusually wide sources of information concerning what is accomplished for and by women in every part of the world. It does not cater to the feminine taste for fiction, and it absolutely ignores household affairs, so favorite a topic among the Germans.

—M. Paul Bourget was with us last year, and has recorded his impressions and his accumulation of facts with that delightful mixture of the one with the other which only a master of fiction can compound. But the review of his two volumes by M. M. E. de Mandat-Grancey, in the *Figaro* of June 1, reveals us to ourselves in several new lights. We are, according to the reviewer, a most notable example not of real progress, but of reversion to a more primitive type of society. He twits M. Bourget with having looked too exclusively at the five-o'clock-tea side of American manners, and informs him that if he had gone West and studied the rougher phases of life, he would have understood better the real developments of Americanism. In the West, M. de Mandat-Grancey finds a state of things to which a parallel can be discovered only in the Middle Ages. While enormous wealth has accumulated in a few hands in the East, endangering, through corruption and through monopoly, the liberties of the people, in the West the land is held in vast tracts by great proprietors. These feed their flocks and herds over areas large enough to constitute respectable principalities. Like the barons of old, they arm their retainers, called "cowboys." They carry on petty warfare with neighboring barons, and, when not so engaged, keep their hands in by doing a little marauding on peaceable merchants and travellers. When an internecine strife overtaxes the reserves in men of one of these barons, he can hire mercenaries—"fighting men"—from a Col. Pinkerton, the same who supplied Mr. (Baron) Carnegie with soldiers in his war with his workmen. M. de Mandat-Grancey professes to speak from bitter personal observation and experience, as he says a company in Dakota, in which he is interested, expends 11 per cent. of its revenue in maintaining a force of fighting men to defend its property. While in the West the rough-and-ready manners of the Middle Ages are repeated on our ranches, in the luxurious society of our Eastern cities we are imitating the habits and vices of Rome in her decadence, and that so accurately that, as M. de Mandat-Grancey says, "ladies, after a public entertainment, will even visit the lodgings of a celebrated acrobat, who exhibits to their admiring gaze the muscular development of his torso under the pretext of giving them a lecture about his body." However ridiculous and extravagant such criticism may be, there is just suggestion enough of truth in the caricature to make it worthy of more than a sneer or a jest.

—Some months ago Mr. Lewis E. Gates edited for the Athenæum Press Series of Ginn & Co. a volume of 'Selections from the Essays of Francis Jeffrey.' This is now followed by 'Selections from the Prose Writings of John Henry Cardinal Newman' (Holt). The two volumes are in plan and purpose substantially identical. They furnish to the student or the amateur of literature or of the art of writing a compact body of material with a carefully adjusted apparatus of introduction and notes. Both books give evidence not merely of abundant knowledge and accurate scholarship on the editor's part, but of a somewhat remarkable power of constructive as well as analytic criticism. The introduction to 'Jeffrey' defines the dictator's position as a literary critic with an exactness hitherto unattempted, and puts his relation to the Romantic movement in a new light. Another novel point is the discussion of the *Edinburgh's* influence in converting "the old-fashioned review-article" into "a brief argumentative essay discussing some living topic, political or social, in the light of the very latest ideas." The introduction to 'Newman' is also a highly original piece of writing. Nowhere have Newman's style and method been so subtly analyzed before, nor do we believe that future analysts will find much that has escaped the editor's processes. Equally brilliant is the short chapter which defines the relation of the Oxford movement and the Roman Catholic revival to what is called Romanticism. We hope that these two introductory essays may be but the *prodromos* of a more elaborate and ambitious work on the literature of the nineteenth century. That Mr. Gates has a vocation to such a work there can be no doubt.

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## MUMMERY'S CLIMBS IN ALPS AND CAUCASUS.

*My Climbs in the Alps and Caucasus.* By A. F. Mummery. Illustrated. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1895.

JOHN BALL, the first President of the Alpine Club, was once asked his opinion about that matter of droll debate, "Is life worth living?" He said he felt "contemptuous pity for the man whose mind could be so profoundly diseased as even to ask such a question, as if a soldier with the trumpet-call sounding in his ear should stop to inquire whether the battle was worth fighting." Mr Mummery has been sealed of the tribe of Ball for twenty-four years, and the same freshness which the world welcomed in 'Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers,' in 'Hours of Exercise,' in 'Scrambles amongst the Alps,' and in the ever-to-be-cherished 'Playground,' is the quality of his book. Where so many climb with daring and acrobatic skill, it would be invidious to single him out as the most expert amateur of the last decade; but one can state that he is a typical *Gipfel-Stürmer*, and has had few peers in his craft. The Mummery tent is a masterpiece, and readers of the *Alpine Journal* know how its inventor can act in an emergency. Mr. Ellis Carr's 'Two Days on an Ice Slope' bears evidence to higher qualities than endurance and ingenuity. But till now the half of his deeds has been untold.

Considerable disproportion exists between the space allotted to the Alpine and Caucasian parts of this book. We have eleven chapters on the Alps, two on the Caucasus, and an important epilogue on the "Pleasures and Penalties of Mountaineering." The Alpine chapters, in turn, fall asunder into sections relating respectively to Visperthal and Chamonix peaks. The Teufelsgrat—the southwest ridge of the Täschhorn—is Mr. Mummery's eastern, the Aiguille du Plan his western, limit. Let us follow out the course of a single expedition. Which shall it be? None is without excitement, and it is hard to choose between Zermatt and Chamonix, between the Col du Lion and the Grépon. But the Matterhorn is "la belle dame sans merci" of the Alpine knight, so let us take the Col du Lion. What manner of pass this is can be seen by reference to Mr. Whymper's illustration of its summit, page 91 of his 'Scrambles' (ed. 1871). Both he and Prof. Tyndall, two of the most daring among older Alpinists, considered it impracticable, and it was hedged by the divinity of its danger till June, 1880. Mr. Mummery shall tell how he came to attack it. One day, towards the end of this month, he and Alexander Burgener, having crossed the Col Tournanche, were

> "basking on a warm rock, just above the level of the Tiefenmatten glacier. The pipe of peace was wreathing tiny clouds and threads of smoke amongst the overhanging rocks, whilst before us towered the grandest wall the Alps can boast, the huge western face of the Matterhorn. Gradually my attention was riveted by the Col du Lion, and it was brought home to my mind that no more difficult, circuitous, and inconvenient method of getting from Zermatt to Breuil could possibly be devised, than by using this same Col as a pass."

The chief danger of the Col du Lion is the cannonade of stones which sweeps its sole approach, a couloir 2,000 feet in height. This couloir, though set at a very erect angle, is not unassailable during the early hours of the morning. After the sun grows hot, it is an open conduit for every kind of projectile which the Matterhorn showers down its flanks. A party once committed to it is bound to advance. A single obstacle causing delay is almost certain to entail what mountaineering books style, with unanimity of euphemism, "the most serious results." The risk is great, and in the present instance was not underrated by either the amateur or his guide. They made the trial and won, but not by an ample margin. The couloir was in bad condition. "It looked scarcely possible to get up, and there was more than a touch of anxiety in Burgener's 'Wir müssen, Herr Momerie, sonst sind wir beide caput.'" A little later on their difficulties came to a climax with the breaking of Burgener's ice-axe. It is to be presumed, although he does not say so, that Mr. Mummery's sensations at this point were similar to those of Nelson in the battle of the Baltic. "It is warm work; and this day may be the last to any of us at a moment. But mark you! I would not be elsewhere for thousands." The crippled pair, from lack of an exit below, moved on up the cathedral roof of ice, and forced their way across a desperate traverse to some snow. The traverse was fifteen feet wide, and consisted of rock, nearly perpendicular, glazed with thin ice. Notches for hands and feet were scratched in the ice, and by a kind of shuffle the *mauvais pas* was crossed. Later on they froze their fingers, and in this state had to assault the final cliff below the Col. "The face of this final cliff consists of loose, disintegrated rock. It appeared, indeed, to be only held together by the snow and ice with which it was plastered." A friendly rent in the icicles gave Burgener his desired chance. "Once in this gap, he soon gets one hand on the hard-frozen Col, the other waves his hat, and, with a triumphant though breathless jodel, he draws himself over the edge of the grimmest wall it has ever been my luck to scale."

*Sic itur ad astra.* The descent to Breuil occupied, exclusive of halts, an hour and a quarter. It was a continuous and not too careful glissade. The couloir was full of fog, and they nearly slid into the Bergschrund. Pulling up just on its edge and traversing to the left, "we found a bridge, and, as it was much too rotten to crawl over, we trusted to luck and a sitting glissade." Thus ended an expedition compared with which the Höruli ascent of the Matterhorn is a quiet ramble. The pass has only been made twice since then: once by Dr. Güssfeldt and Burgener, who nearly lost their lives ('In den Hochalpen,' p. 269); and once by Herr Kuffner with Burgener and Kalbmatten.

It is no concern of the present notice to examine the ethics of such exploits. Readers who have never breathed Alpine air above the tree-line will hardly approve what seems a reckless risk of life and limb. But let such remember—for few will be tempted by Mr. Mummery to try the Col du Lion—that in this spirit of invincible pluck the Rütli compact was sealed, and English sailors of the sixteenth century manned twenty-ton pinnaces for the North Atlantic voyage. And then the *advocatus diaboli* may find another ground of defence. Perhaps we ought to consider that these deeds are so many silent protests against the Zahnradbahn and its concomitants. *Non ragioniam di lor.*

Mr. Mummery has visited the summit of the Matterhorn seven times, and in separate chapters of his book describes two ascents from unusual sides, viz., from the Zmutt ridge and the Furggen ridge. Mrs. Mummery contributes an article on an ascent of the Teufelsgrat, which she made in company with her husband and two guides in July, 1887. They were out twenty-eight hours, and there is no mention of excessive fatigue! The rest of the Alpine part deals with the Aiguilles of the Mont Blanc chain, and must be read by all who desire to know the character of up-to-date rock-scrambling.

In 1868 Elbruz, 18,526 feet, fell to three members of the Alpine Club, Messrs. Freshfield, Moore, and Tucker, with François Devouassond as guide. But Dych Tau, 17,054 feet, the second summit of the Caucasus, went unsubdued for twenty years longer. The conquest must have cost Mr. Mummery much discomfort and a great deal of vexation. His guide, Heinrich Zurfluh of Meiringen, had one eternal note: "Es gefällt mir nicht." The struggle with Dych Tau brought him up to the mark, but for the rest he was homesick and unfit. Mr. Mummery did his mountain handsomely, made some passes, and returned, successful in his main object, but without materials for any such book as that of Mr. Freshfield. At the best he could not have brought the Caucasus into serious competition with the Alps. Elbruz is higher than Mont Blanc; the azalea is more beautiful than the rhododendron; Uschba may be more awe-inspiring than the Matterhorn. But all other mountain districts lack the one great thing which the Alps have—human interest. "Keine Glocke ertönt auf den grünen Matten, und kein Senne jodelt dem Wanderer zu." So Emil Huber, of the Selkirks; so all explorers when they come to a final comparison.

The chapter on the "Pleasures and Penalties of Mountaineering" is important for its expert testimony on two points which many have held to be settled. The true faith of climbers—*vide* the Badminton and All England series—is that a party should consist of at least three persons, and that the rope should never be discarded till the day's work is done. Minatory clauses assert that whoever believes and acts otherwise, shall without doubt suffer "the most serious results." Mr. Mummery brings great fulness of illustration to bear on both these points, seeking to modify rather than dispute the received view. He also touches the question of climbing alone. He admits that in fine settled weather he has "strolled over the Trift Joch, the Weissthor, the Col du Géant, and other passes, without experiencing any symptom of danger." But his advice is conservative. He refrains from mentioning Mr. Whymper's hook and ring.

In conclusion, a few words about Mr. Mummery's work as a whole. It is open to a certain amount of minor criticism, but, after all deductions have been made, it remains a work which will find its home in every good library of adventure, and will be of permanent interest to every lover of the Alps. May one dare to suggest that in a future edition the author will subject himself to the "painful operation of self-mutilation" which Leslie Stephen performed before publishing the 'Playground'? The Alpine joke, especially when it deals with meat and drink, will never fail to receive cordial welcome from the elect, but should be preserved from a too sacrilegious protrusion upon the public ear. One point more. Col. Higginson's distinction between the American and the Englishman is often brought to mind in reading Alpine books of 1875–95 side by side with the books of 1855–75. A certain clear difference in tone can be detected—in despite, we are forced to believe, of Mr. Mummery's opinion. The older men had no lack of joy in their sport, or of vigor in its prosecution. Their books are full of the enthusiasm which is begotten of thin Alpine air. Is the drop

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which has been superadded a drop of nervous fluid, or a drop of Bouvier?

The garb of the book is handsome, not to say sumptuous. Mr. Pennell—who, by the way, must be getting to know Europe as well as Herr J. Weber of 'Wanderbilder' fame—contributes eleven admirable drawings; the eight photogravures are equally admirable; the two lithographic plates lag a little behind. Several other illustrations occur in the text. Two misprints need to be rectified. The illustration of the Aiguille Verte is not a photogravure, as we are led to suppose from the list given on page xii. The other misprint is amusing. Mr. Mummery is made to state, p. 111: "Of these early pioneers Melchior, Anderegg, and a few others survive." Now Melchior Anderegg is a name familiar to climbers as Napoleon is to mankind. He is the most famous of guides. Three years ago Mr. C. G. Mathews said of him at the age of sixty-four, "It is inexpressibly sad even to think of the time when the eye will become dim and the natural force abated; but, living or dead, he will have an abiding-place in the hearts of many men, who owe him a debt of gratitude to repay which would be impossible." One does not like to see such a man cut in two even by a printer.

## RICHARD OWEN AND THE EVOLUTION MOVEMENT.

*The Life of Richard Owen.* By the Rev. Richard Owen. 2 vols. Appletons.

We closed this Life of Richard Owen with the feeling that he was more than a great comparative anatomist. So far as the permanent forces of civilization are concerned, he was one of the leading Englishmen of the middle part of this century. Although he outlived Darwin by ten years, passing away in 1892 at the age of eighty-eight, we purposely emphasize his position in the mid-century, for after this he virtually lost his leadership. This loss of a commanding position among his colleagues in both thought and action is the most striking single feature of his life, because it illustrates most vividly the total change in English thought about nature, and the consequences to one who refused to conform to the change. A genuine and brilliant scientific career is almost invariably cumulative, honors and influence increasing rapidly as life goes on. Such good fortune, however, was not Owen's. In his latter years he continued active research, he saw his dream of a great museum realized, he enjoyed the beautiful Sheen Lodge in Richmond Park, provided for him as a home by the Queen, but he certainly felt none the less keenly that his intellectual supremacy had departed, and that the age had gone by him.

The truth is, Owen belonged to the older school, and Darwinism fairly cut his life in two while in its prime. Although only fifty-four when the 'Origin of Species' appeared, he could not or would not reconstruct the framework of his natural philosophy as Sir Charles Lyell did at a much more advanced age; and, so far as we know, Owen remained to the last sceptical as to natural selection and unreconciled to evolution. Amid a charming narrative of the personal and social experiences of a long and prominent life, this central fact is candidly brought out by the author, with the competent scientific advice and revision of Dr. Sherborn. Yet the omission of all reference to Owen's bitter controversies during the mid-century in numerous letters, papers, and public discussions is a serious defect, for we well know that it is these omitted passages of Owen's life which best explain his conservatism as well as his loss of prestige with younger men.

We must understand that at the climax of his career Owen held an almost unique position: he was highly honored in the scientific world, as well as by the marked confidence of the royal family and of the Government; all new and rare vertebrate specimens reaching England from every part of the world came to his hands; his scientific dictum was law. It was inevitable that he should begin to consider himself infallible, and to look upon his monopoly of material as part of the natural order of things. When Huxley, Flower, and other younger men entered the same field, claimed a share in the scientific spoils, and especially when they began to dispute some of his fundamental theories, he rose in wrath and replied with superior irony. Every such contest ended in a total defeat for Owen and in the further estrangement of his younger colleagues, with the final result that his whole philosophy of anatomy was undermined.

These volumes naturally dwell chiefly upon the brilliant side of Owen's career. Now that facilities for the study of natural science abound in all English cities, and every beginner is welcomed into biology, it is difficult to imagine the discouragements which faced a young anatomist in 1820. The manner in which Owen surmounted every obstacle finely illustrates Galton's view that mental predisposition is superior to the forces of nurture and education. While apprenticed to an apothecary in Lancaster, Owen cultivated the surgeon of the county jail. The ghastly surroundings of the morgue for executed criminals at first repelled him, but, with the rare opportunity of dissecting the head of a negro and examining for himself the prognathic and other racial characteristics, he says: "My anatomical passion returned, and all other resolves and scruples were soon forgotten." At twenty-three Owen had found his way into John Hunter's collection in the Royal College of Surgeons, and begun his famous studies on the anthropoid apes. There Cuvier called upon him, invited him to Paris, and drew his attention to the study of fossil vertebrates. Five years later the memoir upon the Pearly Nautilus gave Owen a world-wide reputation, and from this time forward he worked over the broad field of living and extinct fishes, reptiles, birds, and mammals with marvellous rapidity and accuracy, producing from fifteen to thirty memoirs or papers annually until he was over eighty. Dr. Sherborn deserves the credit for the complete bibliography. Owen laid the foundations of our modern work upon the fossil reptilia, especially the dinosaurs, and monographed the marsupials of Australia. From New Zealand he procured and finally restored the giant bird Dinornis, and one of his triumphs was the restoration of the great South American sloth, Mylodon. He was also an enthusiastic student of the microscope, discovering and tracing the life-history of the trichina as the cause of trichinosis, studying and speculating upon the phenomena of parthenogenesis, and being elected the first President of the Royal Microscopical Society. It is safe to say that no living naturalist is covering one-fourth the ground represented by these researches.

We can hardly overestimate Owen's public services in spreading natural science through his addresses and lectures to the people by skilfully stating technical facts and imparting his own enthusiasm. He labored for years in the cause of sanitation, and was largely instrumental in forcing Parliament to consider drainage and ventilation as matters of public welfare demanding legislation. It required years of enlightenment to secure the removal of the tax on windows, which fell most heavily upon the poor. But Owen's greatest parliamentary effort was his agitation through a period of nineteen years for a museum of natural history. Suffering from the overcrowded state of his collections in the British Museum in Bloomsbury, he conceived in 1846 the idea of a distinct national museum of fossil and recent anatomy upon a grand scale, to include a large lecture theatre, and to occupy ten acres of land in the heart of London. This costly project he forced upon several Prime Ministers successively until Gladstone, with his keen appreciation of public educational needs, made it a Government issue in 1861. Singularly enough, Huxley was quoted as one of the opponents of this scheme, considering it chimerical, and under a sharp attack by Disraeli the Government was defeated by a large vote. But in 1863 Gladstone carried the full measure through, the building was beautifully designed, by Waterhouse, and Owen held the directorship until 1884. It is now the most superb institution of its kind in the world.

The second volume of the Life closes with an essay upon "Owen's position in the history of anatomical science," which puts this side of his career clearly before us. This was appropriately contributed by the late Prof. Huxley, who was for years the chief opponent of Owen. Owen fell heir to the investigating spirit of Cuvier and to the fallacious anatomical philosophy of Oken, which he carried into great detail. As the head of the *École des faits* (in opposition to Geoffroy), Cuvier made the accumulation of facts and classification the chief end of science, considering that the search for underlying principles in nature was fruitless. Oken, on the other hand, borrowing mainly from the Greeks, ranked generalization first. Between these extremes, in his osteology, Owen pursued a fatal middle course, piling up facts like Cuvier, but forcing them into harmony with the Goethe-Oken "archetype," akin to Plato's "idea." Thus, in the culmination of his anatomical studies, he fell into a mystical and fallacious circle of reasoning about the skull and skeleton as fashioned by the Creator after a certain ideal pattern, and believed that all vertebrates presented variations of this pattern. This was evidently not the path leading to evolution.

In 1844, when Robert Chambers excited all England over the development hypothesis in his anonymous 'Vestiges of Creation,' Whewell and the geologists Murchison and Sedgwick (who referred to the 'Vestiges' as that "beastly book") appealed to Owen as "a real man in armor, from whom a reply would do infinite service to *true* science." But Owen remained entirely non-committal. In 1848 he told the author of the 'Vestiges' that there were five more likely ways of introducing a new species than those advanced by Lamarck, but declined to explain them. His only direct statement was that no satisfactory proof of evolution, and certainly no internal perfecting tendencies in animals or plants, were apparent, but there might be other "secondary causes," as yet hypothetical and requiring much additional observation and experiment. Subsequently (in 1858), he looked equally askance at natural selection, and his early friendship with Darwin terminated after a long correspondence, in which Owen seems both overbearing and disingenuous. These letters are not reproduced here, but should ultimately be published, together with

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those of Darwin, which have also been suppressed from the 'Life and Letters.'

When this biography of Owen is placed beside Darwin's and compared with the life work of Huxley, we have before us the three men who, with widest contrasts of character and endowments, have made England preëminent in natural history during the present century, taking from France the leadership won by Cuvier, Buffon, and Lamarck. Owen's constructive power is seen in his building up comparative anatomy and projecting the great museum. His failures in controversy and in biology are in strong contrast with Huxley's achievements in philosophy as well as in his battles for free thought and the Darwinian theory. Yet Huxley's success was largely of a destructive character. Owen's observations in anatomy are far more numerous, while Huxley's principles of anatomy are far more useful to the modern student because they embrace both embryonic development (which Owen disregarded) and evolution. The decline of Owen's influence and interpretation of nature attended step by step the rise of Darwin's, and he has fallen for a while below his actual level. But as time softens the memory of his errors, Owen will be recognized as preparing the way for English biology in the latter half-century. A beautiful statue of his noble figure will soon stand near that of Darwin in the natural-history museum which he founded, and before long England, America, and Germany will place the lamented Huxley in the marble group.

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*The Mississippi Basin:* The Struggle in America between England and France, 1697-1763. With full cartographical illustrations from contemporary sources. By Justin Winsor. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 8vo, pp. x, 484.

THE tale that was told from Cartier to Frontenac is continued by the same author in this welcome volume. The two works are uniform in externals, identical in plan, method, and scope, and bear the same relation to the more extensive "Narrative and Critical History of America" which the eminent writer has so ably conducted. Nearly all that we said on the former occasion is equally pertinent to the present, *mutatis mutandis*. The period of time covered by these continuous relations is more than two hundred years, of which a century and two-thirds extended from Cartier to Frontenac, and two-thirds of a century witnessed the consequent French-English struggle in America; historical continuity being thus unbroken from the initial date of 1534 to the pivotal year of 1763. But with the opening of the present treatise the scene is shifted from what might be named Laurentia—*i. e.*, the whole drainage-area of the Great Lakes and the River St. Lawrence—to what was for a while called Colbertia, this being all that was then known of the Mississippi Basin, whose main artery had been named in honor of the French statesman by Louis Hennepin in 1680.

We have already commented on the wealth of cartographical material which is brought to bear upon Mr. Winsor's work; and this most marked feature in the case becomes still more impressive and significant as the story develops into its fuller proportions. The keynote is struck by the author's high appreciation of the bearing of physical geography upon human history; and he elaborates this thesis with such firm insistence upon the main point, with such happy results, that he almost seems to have created a science for which as yet we have no name. This may be called, in a word, histogeography. We will let Mr. Winsor himself supply the definition, by citing a portion of his dedication of this volume to the President of the Royal Geographical Society:

"Such an observer as you are knows how the physiography of a continent influences its history; how it opens avenues of discovery, directs lines of settlement, and gives to the natural rulers of the earth their coign of vantage. I would not say that there are not other compelling influences; but no other control is so steady. If we appreciate such a dominating power in subjecting the earth to man's uses, we cannot be far from discerning the pith of history, particularly of those periods which show the work of pioneers."

The pith of history thus indicated is something that not all—perhaps we should say not many—historians have fully extracted, however diligently or successfully they may have scraped the bark to get at heart-wood facts, or even tapped the trunk of time for a flow of dates. We may know to an hour when La Salle was killed, who fired the fatal shot, and even hear some of the words that passed, without being able to fix the spot where this tragedy was enacted. We were long left almost as much at sea concerning the transcontinental route of Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca and his companions as these were before the author of the 'Naufragios' had touched Florida under Adelantado Pámfilo de Narvaez. In these two cases, as in uncounted others we could cite, precision is possible only by histogeographical methods, in the application of which many writers of great reliability in other respects have shown themselves singularly obtuse. The trailing of pioneers and explorers has often been a neglected or slighted portion of the historian's work, and this is specially liable to be the case with the very class of writers to which Mr. Winsor distinctively belongs—namely, scholars who live in the world of books, and explore the rich recesses of the library. Our author is the signal exception to the rule; for his work shows that he can "cover the ground" better than many travellers.

Almost all the great continental thoroughfares along which human tides have borne their living freight are reducible to one or the other of two main classes—waterways and mountain-gaps. The lie of the land determines avenues of approach and occupation so infallibly that histogeography becomes a true science, capable of development even to the predictive stage—so far removed is it from mere empiricism. We have a fine illustration of its main principles in the well-known facts of our history, from Columbus to Winsor, throughout which period the course of empire has been that the buffalo followed the water, the Indian followed the buffalo, the white man followed the Indian, and the locomotive followed the white man. Another interesting point in this connection is the occurrence of conditions which infallibly make some places key-situations, like the Sault Ste. Marie on the Great Lakes, El Paso on the Rio Grande, or the South Pass in the Rocky Mountains. Many who have admired the wisdom and goodness of God in making rivers flow so conveniently past cities might less devoutly and more reasonably account for even some of the more anomalous coincidences by applying sound principles of histogeography.

The numerous maps which illustrate Mr. Winsor's text constitute in themselves no small portion of the history of the Mississippi Basin, in their graphic delineation of the progress of geographical discovery and acquisition. In their mechanical execution, we are sorry to say, they are far from being all that is desirable. Some of the objectionable features to which we referred on a former occasion are perhaps inseparable from the process of reproducing them from the originals, in pursuance of what seems the author's plan of reducing the sheets to page size; but even where only small sections of large sheets are thus represented the lettering is often obscure, and sometimes illegible. We remember reading lately a series of humorous "Don'ts" which the American Library Association printed for mutual entertainment and edification, one of which was, "Don't try to find any convenient way to keep maps—there is none." Mr. Winsor may be so well aware of this that he has forsworn folding inserts; but what he gives us instead is so trying to the eyes, and so vexatious, that we hope he may effect some compromise with impossibility, in the event of succeeding volumes of this series. We also venture to think that better maps to illustrate modern geography could be found than such as those of Humphreys and Abbot (1861), which are already out of date, though they answer a certain purpose Mr. Winsor had in view.

The volume opens with the Mississippi Basin of the end of the seventeenth century—the date of Iberville's expedition, 1697-1700, which is the first to be treated in detail. Progress throughout the valley is traced in the next few chapters, which include accounts of Crozat and trade, and of the celebrated Mississippi Bubble of John Law, 1700–20. We are accustomed to the soldier, the trader, and the priest as the more or less unholy trinity of forces in the vanguard of discovery and occupation, but in this case the speculator or peculator was at their heels. Other chapter-heads will indicate, as clearly as can be done in equally few words, the author's further development of his theme. These are: The barriers of Louisiana, 1710-20; Charlevoix and his observations, 1720-29; the Appalachians, 1720-27; French, English, and Spanish rivalries, 1730-40; the search for the Sea of the West, 1727-53; war and truce, 1741-48; portals of the Ohio valley, 1740-49; Louisiana and its Indians, 1743-57; undeclared war, 1750 54; rival claimants for North America during the whole period from 1497 to 1755; anxieties and plans, 1754; the Alleghany portals, 1755; the two dismal years of 1756-57; the Ohio and St. Lawrence won, 1758-59; the transition from war to war, 1760-63; and the treaty of peace, 1763. While the movement of the narrative as a whole is thus historically consecutive, the several chapters overlap somewhat in dates, and are really in the nature of distinct though duly correlated essays upon various aspects or episodes of the whole subject. If these were not masterly they would not be Mr. Winsor's. Furthermore, the work is protracted beyond the ostensible date of 1763, to point out the effect of the treaty upon the Indians in 1763-65; and concludes with completion of the occupation in 1764-65. The whole is carefully indexed with sufficient analysis of the contents to satisfy most readers, though this could easily, and perhaps with advantage, have been still more minutely elaborated.

Mr. Winsor's habitual precision of statement, as well as his direct and forcible style, is too well known to call for comment here. We find him working in his own best vein in this volume; and that best gives us the very pith of history, as we have already pointed out. If we miss some of those qualities which shine to great advantage in the works of other historians or histogeographers, we may remember that it is not given to all men to do all things; and that every human occasion,

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even of seemingly unlimited possibilities, has its natural and necessary limitations.

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*The Life of the Spirit in the Modern English Poets.* By Vida D. Scudder. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

THE most general impression made by this book is of a theory, mainly preconceived, fortifying itself by whatever suits its purpose, with a blind eye for whatever is likely to prove intractable. With many good perceptions, often well expressed, the book as a whole is extremely piecemeal and diffuse, with fine words used with so little aptness that, were we to accept Max Nordau's tests of the insane degenerate, we should have to set Miss Scudder down as one. "Serene," for example, is a fine word, but it does not describe Robert Browning. A certain physical intensity of word and phrase is a conspicuous defect. Another and more serious is the drawing out or lopping off the poets to fit them to the general plan, whereby we lose all sense of their coherent personality. In one place we have an exposure of Clough's and Arnold's most sceptical negations, and in another their demand for action is set forth; but in neither place do we get the impression they give us in the mass. This is particularly true of Clough, whose scepticism affected the traditional Christianity very much more than the fundamentals of religion. The negative part of his great Easter poem is liberally quoted without a hint of the positive antiphony, and of the joyous courage of his "New Sinai" there is not a word. And why the long quotation from Browning's "Saul" in proof of his robust assurance of a future life, and no reference to "La Saisiaz," a much later poem, of which the essence is that a robust assurance of a future life is not what we want, seeing that "dead certainties" are not the meat on which religion feeds? There is some atonement, however, for this perversity in the frank allowance of the unquestionable immorality of "Fifine at the Fair": "The boyish animalism of the earlier Don Juan is almost innocent beside the specious, intellectualized sensuality of Fifine." Certainly some allowance should be made for the dramatic quality of the poem, but Browning is always treated here as if he were speaking deliberately for himself. There is a chapter on Browning as a humorist, but when Miss Scudder would show how he was one, her habitual fulness of quotation suddenly runs dry. Her claim that Browning's verse is jog-trot or a splendid pace, according to the informing thought, is manifestly absurd, and equally so what is meant—not what is said—of Browning on p. 232: "The whole of Byron and of Clough might be comprehended in his vast product, and the world would miss no element contributed to human thought."

Miss Scudder finds in Democracy and Science and the Historic Past the forces that have done most to mould the English poetry of the century. Many of her illustrations are valuable, but some have no solidity; the things quoted might have been written just as well in the last century as in this. This is particularly true of the feeling for the past, except in so far as it has been affected by the romantic reaction from the Revolution. It has been unscientific, anti-scientific; and of the evolutionary conception of the past taken up into the present the signs in poetry have been few and far between. That Wordsworth should be assigned a chapter as a representative of the New Democracy will strike the reader as an amusing paradox; but Miss Scudder contends that his early democracy persisted through the formal Toryism of his later years, the truth behind her statement being that he never ceased to be humane. "Ideals of Redemption, Mediæval and Modern," is an elaborate but not very fruitful comparison of Dante's epic with Spenser's 'Faerie Queen' and Shelley's 'Prometheus Unbound.' Shelley is better understood by studying the politics and religion he revolted from than by comparing him with poets three and six centuries away.

Arnold and Clough, having served their turn as Neo-Pagans, are called back as Poets of Doubt. As for Rossetti, Miss Scudder finds in him "a spirituality more fervent and more absolute than is to be found elsewhere in our modern poets," and then it occurs to her that he wrote the "House of Life." On the other hand, a lovely sonnet convinces her that he was one of the faithful, especially as "on his deathbed he called for a priest to absolve him from his sins." She thinks "the instability of religion founded not on conviction but on emotion could not be more clearly shown" than by the sequence of Rossetti, Swinburne, and Morris. By "conviction," rational conviction is no doubt intended. But she reserves Tennyson and Browning for the climax of her argument, and these were much more emotional than rational in the quality of their conviction. The fine phrases with which she concludes have no sufficient justification in the course of her discussion. "From pantheism towards Christianity, this is the spiritual pilgrimage of our modern English poets." This is immoral rhetoric, "Christianity" meaning for the writer something very different from what it means in common speech and something less positive than Wordsworth explicitly, and Shelley implicitly, affirmed. Of course the separation of English from American poets in a study of this sort is purely arbitrary, but it is evident that but for this separation the working out of the preconceived idea would have been hardly possible.

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*Progress in Language*, with special reference to English. By Otto Jespersen. Macmillan & Co.

THIS notable volume consists of a series of essays on certain general linguistic problems and on certain specifically English matters. The thread that loosely binds them is the fact that the developments of the English constructions are regarded by the author as illustrations of his chief contention, namely, that the general tendency of linguistic development is in the line of progress and not of degeneration. The author is professor of English in the University of Copenhagen; he is perhaps best known as the deviser of an ingenious system of sound-notation, but is active in various fields of linguistic research. He has enjoyed the thorough training of the modern philologist, but does not limit himself to the beaten track. He finds fresher fields—for example, the development of modern English—still unworked and yet full of lessons for the philologist. To him philology is not all in all, but simply one of the phases of human development and at times best studied by a general view of the whole; he is therefore ready to make use of the methods and results of kindred sciences. Moreover, he is an independent and able thinker, and the reading of the book impresses one like a fresh breeze through a musty lecture-room.

Jespersen recognizes the fact that some elements of language may be due to the phenomena upon which the "bow-wow," the "pooh-pooh," and other theories are based; but he believes that the larger part of human speech is a development of a playful utterance of meaningless sounds like the ceaseless humming and crooning of a baby. "Thoughts were not the first things to press forward and crave expression; emotions and instincts were both much more primitive and far more powerful. . . . As is the art of writing to primitive painting, so is the art of speaking to primitive singing. In primitive picture-writing, each sign meant a whole sentence or even more—the image of a situation or of an incident being given as a whole; this developed into an ideographic writing of each word by itself," and this into syllabic and later alphabetic writing. Similarly "the history of language shows us a progressive tendency towards analyzing into smaller and smaller units that which in the earlier stages was taken as an inseparable whole." This turns current conceptions upside down, and with such force and logic as to rouse those who have settled down comfortably on the root theory to a thorough reconsideration of the subject. Still, after all, one has the feeling that Jespersen, like his predecessors, has supplied a theory that will account for but a portion of human speech. The problem is still far off in the misty past; and we should not forget that speech must have begun before man was really man.

In harmony with his theory as to the origin of speech is his conception of its later development:

> "The evolution of language shows a progressive tendency from inseparable irregular conglomerations to freely and regularly combinable short elements. . . . The so-called full and rich forms of the ancient languages are not a beauty but a deformity. The fewer and shorter the forms, the better; the analytic structure of modern European languages is so far from being a drawback to them that it gives them an unimpeachable superiority over the earlier stages of the same languages."

Granting the truth of this statement, we may still reasonably ask whether it should be put in this absolute form. While modern English, with its simple forms and its relations largely to be inferred, is best for a highly developed race, may not the elaborate inflectional system of the Bantus, which supplies each word with a grammatical reminder of its relation to other words, be a more perfect one for minds that cannot easily remember details or forecast relations between them?

The chapters on the development of English constitute a scholarly and largely original treatment of an exceedingly interesting, but much neglected, subject. Like all modern scholars, Jespersen scorns to use the Norman Conquest as an all-sufficient explanation of the changes that English underwent between the Old and the Middle English periods, and perceives that the general tendency of the language would have been the same even if William the Conqueror had never crossed the Channel. Dr. Murray's statement that "the total loss of grammatical gender in English and the almost complete disappearance of cases are purely phonetic phenomena," he would, however, modify so as to recognize the activity of analogy; but in this and some related matters his reasoning is not quite as satisfactory as usual.

The chapters on the group genitive (the Queen of England's power, etc.) and on case-shifting are excellent. The author over-emphasizes, however, the influence of *he*, *she*, *we*, etc., in encouraging the use of *me* and *thee* (among the Quakers, etc.) for *I* and *thou*. "It's us" is surely not less common than "It's me," except as the expression is less often

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called for; and "It's ye" yielded entirely to "It's you." Nor is the confusion of weak (unstressed) forms of *you* and *ye*, *thou* and *thee*, admissible as an element in the displacement of the nominative by the accusative; for in the two cases the exactly opposite phonetic change took place. The explanation lies wholly in the tendency to use the objective after the verb, no matter whether object or predicate; and this is proved by the fact that the *you* drove out *ye* after the verb before it did so before the verb. In the 'Royster Doyster' it supplants *ye* after the verb more than one-fourth of the time, but before it only one-nineteenth. To the new plurals (*you folks*, *you chaps*, etc.) of singular *you*, might be added "you all," which has become one word in parts of the South—*you'll* and *y'all*.

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*Harvard Stories.* By Waldron Kintzing Post. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1895.

*The Ways of Yale.* By Henry A. Beers. Henry Holt & Co. 1895.

*Yale Yarns.* By John Seymour Wood. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1895.

*Princeton Stories.* By Jesse Lynch Williams. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1895.

THIS college literature seems to be written under a considerable sense of difficulty and responsibility. In some form or other each of these collectors of college legends apologizes for the inevitable shortcomings of his work, points out insuperable obstacles, or shuts the mouth of criticism by appealing to the judgment of those who have been part of the life described, and may be trusted to read with partial eyes. The plain reader who never went to college, or who went to some other college, is pretty frankly warned that his judgment is of no account. And yet, whenever these stories fail to please the plain man or the other "grad," they fail outright. It is only when they escape from the bonds of the local and particular that they really succeed, and this is shown by the fact that the story from the Harvard collection, "In the Early Sixties," is easily the best of that set, and in tone and temper strongly resembles "Chums Over in Old South," from 'Yale Yarns.' Both deal with the experiences of the "old grad." during the civil war, and claim for their colleges essentially the same qualities of simple affection and devotion to duty that make heroism—or college spirit, as you choose to name it or the occasion demands. The same tone is struck in the best of the 'Princeton Stories,' "The Winning of the Cane," although here the setting is all undergraduate and the local color vivid. All the stories seem to be written, too, with a feeling that there is danger of making too much of athletics, and that other phases of college life exist at once interesting and remunerative.

Comparison between the collections is in the nature of the case unavoidable. As far as subject-matter goes, all except 'The Ways of Yale' are strongly representative. Professor Beers has not rid himself enough of his cap and gown. There is a winnowed, sifted quality in his work that puts it in a class by itself as literature about college instead of college literature. The Harvard stories present very distinct types of men. The touch is much more certain in their portrayal, the pitch much more even. The 'Yale Yarns' occasionally strike a note of affectation. The types described are curiously tentative, and seem to the impartial reader both romantic and fictitious. The most vital interest of Yale life that lends itself to description is a joke. It would doubtless be well if "With the Dwight Hall Heelers" and "The 'Dwarf's' Prom," with their just and admirable sentiment, rang as true as "In the Toils of the Enemy" and "A Violent Remedy." But they do not.

The writer of 'Princeton Stories' has profited much by the literary example of Rudyard Kipling. His constructive method is throughout high. The sentiments expressed are often surprising, and the life described curiously crude and unorganized; but the stories are remarkably well told, and apparently with less fear of the public than are the others. It is undoubtedly true, too, that they touch more aspects of college life. The three called "Hero Worship," "The Responsibility of Lawrence," and "Fixing that Freshman," deal, among other things, with the enthusiastic devotion of younger men for older ones. It may be remarked in passing that here is a valuable contribution to the psychology of the subject; for it is often insisted that no such relation exists among college men, but is peculiar to women in girls' boarding-schools, colleges, and nunneries. The results are lacking in conclusiveness, and the relation is throughout vague and indecisive. It is an atmosphere hovering around a group of young men whose minds are plastic and impressible about all sorts of things, from neckties to creeds. In this they are probably not different from young men out of college, and this the narrator recognizes; but the element he tries to supply, and the one that undoubtedly exists, is a combination of tradition and impulse, of irrational college etiquette and equally irrational personal impulse, without which there would be very few stories in the college or any other world.

And on the whole this college world has been very fairly represented. It is, after all, a world of shreds and patches, like the bigger one it is supposed to preface, only the shreds and patches are open to wider and easier combination than they are later. Sudden conversions are always part of the programme here. The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman, and low profanity is supposed to be dropped with freshman year. And here, apparently, has been one of the awkward responsibilities imposed by circumstances on the writers of these stories. As Mr. Wood puts it in his preface: "Aside from the cheek of the young maiden which may not be incarnadined under any consideration, and the maiden aunt who sees an utter lack of refinement in the daily student life, there is the old grad., who says it isn't as it was in *his* days, and the undergrad., who maintains it isn't as it is in *his!*"

How much profanity, slang, and indecency must be suggested or reported to give a satisfactory picture of the college man in his college world? The general impression left by all these stories is that the college man is an amazingly good fellow, but that there is a certain toughening of his moral fibre to be gained by a system of social athletics like the physical training and accompanying experience of football and crew. The betting, swearing, drunken tough who has still at bottom the possibilities of an honorable gentleman—or, more accurately, the honorable gentleman who temporarily assumes the manners of a tough—is indubitably fascinating to the college imagination. His good qualities seem more resplendent after their temporary eclipse, perhaps; his character richer and more complex; his control of a vocabulary even more defined. But it is all a mistake. The best athletic stories are not those most generously peppered with "blankety blanks"; the men of greatest originality in slang and profanity are not the most interesting. They are not most interesting even after the prestidigitator has removed the hat and handkerchief and shown you the honest heart beating warmly there all the time.

The conscious effort to keep athletics out of the stories is unavailing—as all such forethought must be. The real question is: "Shall the true or the false ideal of athletics prevail?" Shall the law of theatrical contrast or of sane development govern expression and life? And these stories, marred as they undoubtedly are now and then by the acceptance of the false ideal, after all witness by their successful appeal to the old manly virtues of truth, sobriety, and self-control, to the abiding worth of the true ideal. The Harvard stories present types, to the Yale man belong his jokes, the Princetonian goes with his section, but there are the same old cardinal virtues, and a dog-story or a prize-fight is more interesting from a gentleman's point of view and in our mother tongue.

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*Lees of Virginia.* 1642–1892. Biographical and Genealogical Sketches of the Descendants of Col. Richard Lee, with brief notices of the related families of Allerton, Armistead, Ashton, Aylett, Bedinger, Beverley, Bland, Bolling, Carroll, Carter, Chambers, Corbin, Custis, Digges, Fairfax, Fitzhugh, Gardner, Grymes, Hanson, Jennings, Jones, Ludwell, Marshall, Mason, Page, Randolph, Shepherd, Shippen, Tabb, Taylor, Turberville, Washington, and others. Edited and published by Edmund Jenning Lee, M.D. Philadelphia. 1895. Large 8vo, pp. 586.

THE dimensions of this book, as well as its title page, indicate that it is almost a compendium of Virginian genealogy. In the preface Dr. Lee gives the credit of collecting the material to his brother, the late Cassius F. Lee, who, in connection with Joseph Packard, jr., published a brief record of the family in 1870. The bibliography of Virginian families, notably in the case of the Washington and Lee families, shows that the family traditions of the South are not more exact than those of New England. It is only within the past five years that the true pedigree of the American Washingtons has been put on a sound basis. In regard to the Lee family, various claims have been made, only to be disproved. In 1868 Mr. E. C. Mead published a genealogy of the Lees which was deservedly criticised in these columns and its evident errors exposed. This led to the serious examination made by Messrs. C. F. Lee and J. Packard, printed in the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*. At this time, both in this country and in England, investigators were misled by the name "Ditchley," given to one of the Lee plantations in Virginia. The emigrant, Col. Richard Lee, was identified with a younger brother of Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley. Moreover, Sir Robert Lee (father of Sir Henry) was of Stratford Langton, and the emigrant termed himself in his will as "lately of Strafford Langton." Such coincidences seemed conclusive. But, in 1890, Mr. J. Henry Lea of Fairhaven, Mass., an American genealogist, visited England in order to trace all possible emigrants of the name, and he soon proved that Sir Robert's son's birth was too early for him to be the emigrant, and furthermore, by the strongest evidence of family papers, entails of estates, etc., that this Richard died young. Mr.

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J. H. Lea also found various Lees of that period at Strafford Langton and the adjoining parish of Stepney.

At this point consideration was given again to family traditions and records, which resulted in the following data. In 1682, John Gibbon, an officer of Heralds' College, printed a book on heraldry, in which he stated that in 1659 he lived in Virginia with Col. Richard Lee, and adds: "Neither will I omit his arms, being Gules, a fesse chequy *or*, between eight billets argent, being descended from the Lees of Shropshire, etc." This evidence is of the greatest force.

John Lee, oldest son of the emigrant, was of Queen's College, Oxford, in 1658–1662; and in the former year he presented to his college a silver cup, still preserved, with an inscription terming himself "filius primogenitus Richardi Lee Chiliarchæ, oriundi de Morton Regis in Agro Salopiensi." It bears the Lee arms, as above, and the arms of the college.

Richard Lee, second son of the emigrant, was buried in Virginia, A.D. 1714, aged sixty-eight years. Bishop Meade ('Old Churches,' ii., 152) prints the Latin inscription on his tomb which terms him, "Filii Richardi Lee, generosi et antiqua familia, in Morton-Regis in comitatu Salopiensi oriundi."

With this early and positive evidence in view, it is useless to add the opinions of later generations to the same effect, the authority lessening with each descent. It is strong enough to justify family claims. But though the general claim of descent may be good, no one has yet identified the father of the emigrant. The younger sons of the gentry are rarely traced by the heralds, and the Lees of Virginia must wait until some fortunate chance shall supply the necessary evidence.

Col. Richard Lee, the emigrant, was evidently a strong and successful adventurer, leaving large estates to his children. He had two daughters and six sons, but of the latter only three left male issue. These were Richard of the Stratford line, Hancock of the Ditchley line, and Charles of the Cobbs' Hall line. All of the more distinguished bearers of the name have been of the eldest or Stratford line, from President Thomas Lee of the colony to the patriots of the Revolution and the leaders in the late rebellion. The junior branches seem to have remained in the rank of planters, and not to have become especially prominent. Hence the evident difficulty of tracing these lines, which, besides, do not seem to have been prolific.

The plan of this volume is not very systematic, but is sufficiently clear. In every generation the wife's family is considered in greater or less detail, and in this way the promise of the title-page is made good. The daughters and their descendants are treated with varying liberality, but doubtless to the satisfaction of many Virginians, who will herein trace endless cousinships. There are many copies of old deeds and wills, and the volume is very creditable to the compilers. A few tabular pedigrees of the male lines would be useful. It is to be hoped that the example set in this book and in Hayden's 'Virginia Genealogies' will be copied by other Southern families. The precision of dates and the sobriety of the biographies are features which call for our warmest recognition.

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*Plutarch's Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans.* Englished by Sir Thomas North, anno 1579, with an introduction by George Wyndham. Vols. I. and II. [Vols. VII. and VIII. of the Tudor Translations.] London: D. Nutt. 1895.

BACON, in his celebrated classification of books, has omitted one class, and that the chief—the books that are to be loved. And if ever a book has been loved by men, and taken to their hearts, it is this incomparable gallery of living portraits, written by an otherwise obscure scholar, in a little Theban town, when the glory of Greece had departed. We say "otherwise obscure," not forgetting that the 'Lives' compose only one-half of Plutarch's work that has descended to our time; but who thinks of Plutarch except as the author of the 'Lives'? Modern critics may complain of a lack of historical perspective; but in what modern historian of Greece and Rome do we see the two great dramas of their national life stand out so vividly as in these pictures of the chief actors? Both Greece and Rome have produced masterpieces of many kinds, but of this particular kind nothing to equal the 'Lives' of Plutarch.

And the book has had a singular measure of good fortune. Early in the classical revival, Plutarch fell into the hands of one of the world's greatest translators, Jacques Amyot, who, besides possessing a wonderful natural gift of style, lived at a time when his language had a raciness, simplicity, strength, and color which were partly lost in the more polished age that followed. More accurate versions—perhaps; for Amyot is wonderfully accurate—and more elegant ones, according to the canons of taste that rate Johnes's Froissart more elegant than Lord Berners's, have been made since; but it was Amyot who gave Plutarch to the modern world and made it a household book.

The second good fortune of the book was that Amyot's version fell into the hands of Sir Thomas North, who had the gift of Elizabethan prose as Amyot had that of the prose of Montaigne. What gives a peculiar charm to North's translation is his conception of a translator's duty. It is not his business, he thinks, to turn Plutarch's Greek, or Amyot's French, into English, but to tell in his own English a story that Plutarch has told in Greek. Plutarch, speaking of the satisfaction of a Veientian at the overflow of Lake Albanus, which bid fair to raise the Roman siege, says, "He was overjoyed and mocked at the siege." North says: "He was as mery as a pye at the matter." Plutarch says of Brennus, when Camillus refused to pay the ransom, "He was exasperated at this and recommenced hostilities." North: "These words made Brennus madde as a March hare, that out wente his blade." But indeed North was a man who wrote such prose that Shakspere embodied whole sentences and periods of it in his noblest poetry, and we do not perceive the seam. For it was to this noble translator of a noble translation that Shakspere turned to revive in his imagination the life of Greece, and especially Rome, and not merely for facts, as he turned to Hall or Holinshed. As Mr. Wyndham, the editor, says, "Shakspere is saturated with North's language, and possessed by its passion." He "not only copies North's picture, but he uses North's palette." His "Timon," "Julius Cæsar," "Coriolanus," and "Antony and Cleopatra" are taken from North, often in his very words. No other book has he so honored. So we have here Plutarch's third and crowning felicity, in being revived and re-immortalized in the soul of Shakspere.

We cannot close this too brief notice without a word of praise for the most admirable, full, and luminous introduction by the editor. Of the excellent series to which it belongs—the "Tudor Translations"—we have already spoken.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Across the Common after Wild Flowers. T. Nelson & Sons.
Alden, Mrs. G. R. What They Couldn't: A Home Story. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co.
Allen, Grant. The Story of the Plants. Appletons. 40 cents.
Alison, A. Europe from the French Revolution to the Fall of Napoleon, 1785–1815. Arranged by Edward S. Gould. Students' ed. A. S. Barnes & Co.
Appletons' General Guide to the United States and Canada. 1895. Appletons. $2.50.
Around a Cornfield in a Ramble after Wild Flowers. T. Nelson & Sons.
A Stroll on a Marsh in Search of Wild Flowers. T. Nelson & Sons.
Bonjean, Georges. Enfants Révoltés et Parents Coupables. Paris: A. Colin & Cie.
Bourinot, J. G. How Canada is Governed. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Limited.
Bradley, A. G. Wolfe. Macmillan. 60 cents.
Brooke, Rev. S. A. The Golden Book of Coleridge. London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. $1.50.
Brown, Alice. Meadow-Grass: Tales of New England Life. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.50.
Buchheim, Prof. C. A. Schiller's Maria Stuart. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. $1.
Burdeau, Auguste. Une Evasion (Souvenirs de 1871). Paris: Colin & Cie.
Burgess, Gilbert. The Love-Letters of Mr. H. and Miss R. 1775—1779. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.
Cargill, J. F. A Freak in Finance: Answer to 'Coin's Financial School.' Chicago; Rand, McNally & Co.
Carus, P. The Gospel of Buddha. Chicago: *Open Court* Publishing Co.
Coleridge, S. T. Rime of the Ancient Mariner, etc. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 15 cents.
Collar, W. C. The New Gradatim. Boston: Ginn & Co. 55 cents.
Cornish, C. J. The Isle of Wight. [*Portfolio* Monographs.] Macmillan.
Daudet, Alphonse. Fromont, Jr., and Risler, Sr. Rand, McNally & Co.
Davis, Ethel. Dishonesty and Caste. Home Science Publishing Co. 60 cents.
Dole, N. H. On the Point: A Summer Idyl. Boston: Joseph Knight Co. $1.
Douglas, Prof. R. K. Li Hung Chang. F. Warne & Co. $1.25.
Easton, Prof. M. W. Readings in Gower. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Gagnon, Philéas. Essai de Bibliographie Canadienne. Quebec: The Author.
Gissing, George. In the Year of Jubilee. Appletons. $1.00.
Grindon, L. H. The Sexuality of Nature. Boston: Massachusetts New-Church Union. 75 cents.
Gruelle, R. B. Notes, Critical and Biographical. Collection of W. T. Walters. Boston: J. M. Bowles.
Guerber, H. A. Legends of the Rhine. A. S. Barnes & Co.
Hall, H. S., and Knight, S. R. Algebra for Beginners. Macmillan. 60 cents.
Kittredge, Prof. G. L. Observations on the Language of Chaucer's Troilus. Boston: Ginn & Co. $4.
Lamb, Prof. Horace. Hydrodynamics. Cambridge: University Press; New York: Macmillan. $6.25.
Martell, Comtesse de. A Gallic Girl. Brentanos.
Master Wilberforce: The Study of a Boy. Putnams. $1.
Maupassant, G. de. Messalina's Daughter. Chicago: Jewett & Buchanan.
Meirion, Ellinor. Cause and Effect. Putnams. 75 cents.
Nixon, O. N. How Marcus Whitman Saved Oregon. *Chicago: Star Publishing Co.* $1.75.
Oldroyd, O. H. Words of Lincoln. Washington, D. C.: The Author. $1.
Otis, James. How Tommy Saved the Barn. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 50 cents.
Palmer, Gen. H. S. Letters from the Land of the Rising Sun. Yokohama: *Japan Mail.*
Peterson, W. The Speech of Cicero in Defence of Cluentius. Macmillan. $1 50.
Rhys, Ernest. The Lyric Poems of Shelley. London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. $1.
Roberts, Prof. W. R. The Ancient Boeotians. Cambridge: University Press; New York: Macmillan. $1.40.
Rozane, Jeanne. Maldonne. Paris: Colin & Cie.
Sampson, C. A. Strength. Rand McNally & Co.
Scripture, E. W. Thinking, Feeling, Doing. Meadville, Pa.: Flood & Vincent. $1.50.
Scully, W. C. Kafir Stories. Henry Holt & Co. 75 cents.
Sergeant, Adeline. The Mistress of Quest. Appletons. $1.00.
Sharp, Evelyn. At the Relton Arms. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.
Smith, J. E. A. The Poet among the Hills: Oliver Wendell Holmes in Berkshire. Pittsfield, Mass.: George Blatchford.
Strange Secrets. R. F. Fenno & Co.
Swettenham, F. A. Malay Sketches. London: John Lane; New York: Macmillan. $2.
Taylor, Frank. Ad Sodales. Oxford: B. A. Blackwell.
The Divine Life in the Church: Scottish Church Society Conferences. Second Series. 2 vols. Edinburgh: J. Gardner Hitt.
Thomson, E. W. Old Man Savarin, and Other Stories. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.
Through the Copse: Another Ramble after Flowers. T. Nelson & Sons.
Tiffany, F. B. Handbook of the Law of Sales. St. Paul: West Publishing Co.
Tompkins, Elizabeth K. Her Majesty: A Romance of To-Day. Putnams. $1.
Van Oss, S. F. Stock Exchange Values: A Decade of Finance, 1885 to 1895. London: Effingham Wilson.
Vollers, K. The Modern Egyptian Dialect of Arabic. Cambridge: University Press: New York: Macmillan. $2.50.
Ward, Mrs. Humphry. The Story of Bessie Costrell. Macmillan. 75 cents.
Watts, H. E. Don Quixote. Vol. IV. London: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan. $2.
White, P. Mr. Bailey-Martin. Lovell, Coryell & Co.
Wiley, F. B. The Harvard Guide-Book. Cambridge: C. W. Sever. 50 cents.
Zangwill, I. The Old Maids' Club. Lovell, Coryell & Co.

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